

The Sign

National Catholic Magazine

A SOUL FOR GERMANY

A Priest Goes to the Workingman

(SEE PAGE 19)

BY ANTHONY B. ATAR

April 1953 - 25¢

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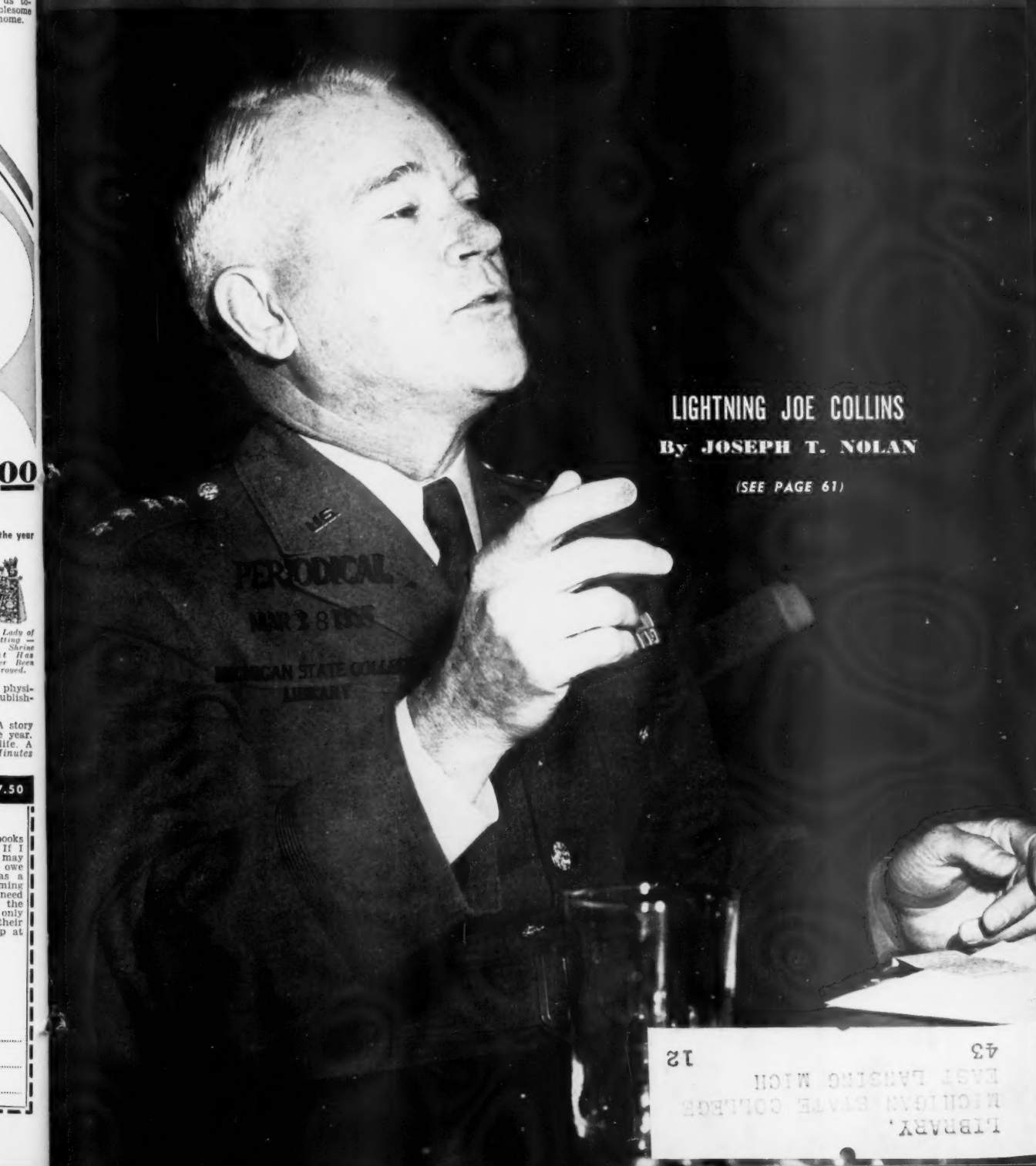
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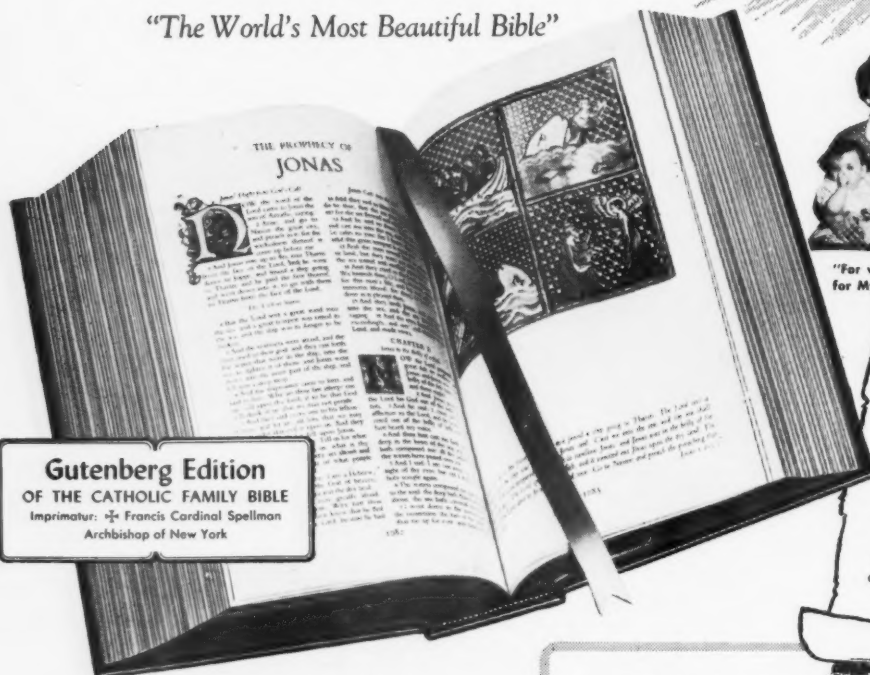


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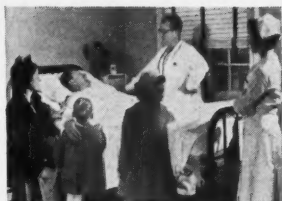
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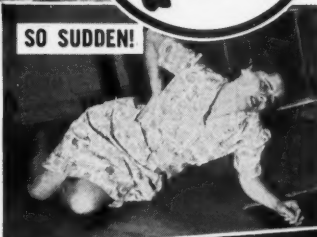
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Letters

"City Boy—Country Boy"

In the January, 1955, (Sign Picture Story) "City Boy, Country Boy," I think a more typically American city than New York should have been chosen. New York is the first city in size, but by standards prevailing in Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, and any number of other large communities, most of New York's children would have to be considered underprivileged.

My impression was that THE SIGN was attempting to prove something the edition had already determined: that the country boy is better off than the city boy. Actually, the picture story proved only that the country boy is better off than the New York boy. As far as that goes, the average child anywhere in the United States, city or country, is more fortunate than the average child in New York. . . .

In Red Smith I believe THE SIGN has one of the best, if not the best, writers in the sports field. Actually, when it comes down to the art of writing itself, Red Smith is one of the finest in the whole journalistic field.

DONALD E. O'BRIEN
SCRANTON, PA.

THE SIGN's excellent January picture story, "City Boy—Country Boy," justly weighs heavily on country life as far more favorable to developing a boy's character and his intimacy with God. Few should object.

Unfortunately, however, most of our American Catholic people are inextricably tied down to city life, well aware, I am sure, of its unhappy environmental handicaps. Perhaps, like telling a cripple how marvelous it is to walk, you have painfully struck our urban Catholics in a very sensitive spot.

(FRIAR) GILES VANWORMER, O.F.M., CONV.
ROME, ITALY

Illogical Story?

Having read "The Impossible Rosa," by Ann Chidester in the February issue, I would like to ask Miss Chidester what prevented Father Humbert and his Ford from making the seventeen-mile trip across the desert—with so many people needing him? Even my fiction, I like it logical.

ANNA MARIA SCHIEBEL
FOREST PARK, ILL.

Biblical Quote

As one of your regular readers, I always turn to "The Sign Post" and I noticed on page 33 in the February issue that the

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$3.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 25¢. Canada, \$3.00 a year. Foreign, \$3.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 538, Act of May 28, 1925. Vol. 34, No. 9.

author of this section was writing from the mid-Atlantic and that he did not have a copy of the September issue of THE SIGN with him and I am wondering if, perhaps, he also forgot to take a copy of the Old Testament with him.

On page 35 of that issue I read under the heading "Purgatory," the following quote: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." (2 Maccabees 12:46). Unless we are using different versions of the Old Testament, I think the correct scriptural quote is, "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

I believe the word, *therefore*, was improperly omitted and the pronoun, *their*, wrongly inserted.

JOSEPH A. TROY
JUDGE, CITY COURT

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

Judge Troy is correct. The editors plead guilty.

Good Hymns

Mr. Paul Hume's article on Church music in your January issue of THE SIGN contained some good advice. . . .

Spiritually, the pastor's influence is undoubtedly the weightiest. I wonder how many pastors ever meditate on the tremendously vital role which music, and especially *song*, has played in the divine cult even from the time of the initial plan of the Temple of Jerusalem, a special cult which the Creator Himself demanded of His children of the chosen race, and particularly in the house consecrated to His honor and glory. . . .

In the second group carrying responsibility for the type of music and workmanship accorded it in the Church, we have the organists and choir directors, where, as Mr. Hume justly asserts in so many words, *solid musical training is imperative*. Nevertheless, comparatively few of our Catholic organists or choir directors have traveled the road of classical and liturgical music study sufficiently to realize how vague is their knowledge in this realm. . . .

No, the responsibility does not lie with the people. St. Pius X, when Cardinal Bartolomeo of Venice, settled that question in a majestic pastoral letter sent to his clergy in 1895, from which I quote: ". . . One says, therefore, that the people like them (worldly Church works) and has the courage to insist that if he changed and abolished that kind of music in the Church, it would diminish the participation of the faithful in liturgical functions. But without pointing out especially that mere pleasure never furnishes a true critical judgment of holy things, and that one should not give in to the people in things that are not good, I say that the misuse of the word 'people' is exercised too much; for in reality they give evidence of being more devout and serious than one thinks: they have a taste for holy music and go constantly to the churches where it is rendered. . . ."

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Sisters who teach music in the parochial schools. If there is a branch of academic study that is more undeveloped than any other in the average teaching order, it is the study of music. We all know there are rare exceptions to this condition, but I am speaking of the general situation. I know that this statement elicits indignation, but truth is not always pleasant to hear even when expressed in a spirit of charity.

To sum it all up: If the pastors, choir directors, and music teachers were all agreed on the necessity for a high standard of workmanship for both secular songs and the chant, in the schools and church, I feel sure that the people would co-operate.

M. PIERIK

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Comic-Book Judge

I want to thank you for the article entitled: "Comic-Book Judge" which appeared in the February issue of THE SIGN. It was most informative and constructive and will help no end in the work I am presently engaged in.

This is a monumental task which requires consideration, patience, and restraint on the part of those who are looking for immediate results.

JUDGE CHARLES F. MURPHY
CODE AUTHORITY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Retarded Children

I especially enjoyed reading your article, "Help for Retarded Children" by Harry Press (Jan.) as my daughter attended the nursery school pictured and is now enjoying the benefit of the public school program for the retarded children at the Louise M. Lombard School in San Francisco.

I thought you would like to know that the Sisters of the Holy Family for three years have been holding regular religion classes for retarded children at their mother-house close to the school. This year the enrollment has grown to 41 children, with 11 First Communions and 5 Confirmations. A group of parents of these children have joined together to spread the information within our community of these religion classes so that these "little ones" may enjoy the full benefit of their religion.

MRS. JOHN J. SULLIVAN
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

I have received the copies of THE SIGN for January, and thank your office for sending them as requested.

One copy was given to the teacher of the Special Class for retarded children in our city, and the other copies were distributed to the Peninsula Council for Help of Retarded Children. The article by Harry Press will be a welcome acquisition to their growing library.

The Peninsula Council is one of the many parents' groups described by Mr. Press in his excellent article "Help For

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Passion and Easter Poems

HIS WINGS HAVE OVERSHADOWED ME

Within the shadow of His love
My days are spent.
His arms reach out,
And Pain's great shadowed wings
Come down to sweep me up to Him,
Spouse and Beloved, there
Upon the Tree.

Time is an endless passage
In the dark. . . .
The nights and days
Blend without margins.
One thing is left:
The silent Figure of the Crucified,
Hovering vigilant
In holy love.

The fruitful mystery
Of these hours I know,
But I am hidden so
Within His wings,
His turning to me and my cry to Him
Echo but faintly in the dark.

Pain is my substance
And my prayer.
The lifted Host is wordless, too,
Of praise.
But mystery is accomplished
At His word.

His wings,
The sure, strong wings of God,
Encompass me.
His word is said
In every moment that He sends;
And my assent
Rings answer to the mystery.

I am forspent for Him. . . .
That is enough.
In darkness and in light
His wings are there.

—Sister Teresa of the Trinity, D. C.



PLAINT AT PASSIONTIDE

Lord, in Thy service was there ever saint
Who troubled Thee with not one least complaint?

David, Thy kinsman-king, with tears and song
Deep in contrition, pined "O Lord, how long!"

Impulsive Paul, with apostolic breath,
Could sigh: "Release me from this bodied death!"

Even Theresa of the soaring wing
Filled her dark night with mystic murmuring.

If then, O Lord, it is my lot to be
Though greatly loved, yet not sufficiently,

Do I reproach Thee? Stings Thine answer through:
"Remember, son, that was Mine own cross, too;

And though My love hath raised thee from the Fall,
Thou lovest Me not richly, if at all."

—Clifford J. Laube

GATES OF THE CITY

Cut boughs, cut branches
Of olive and palm!
Shout *hosannas*, for the Son of David approaches.
Lay branches on the roadway;
Lay cloaks upon the path,
For the Lord must pass.
Swing wide the gates, for the King approaches.
Sing hymns, O crowd, and songs of joy,
For blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.

Cut sticks, cut switches—
Make whips, make clubs!
Come with the soldiers bringing swords and torches
To the Garden of the Olives,
To the orchard on the hill
Across the brook of Kedron.
We have no king but Caesar.
Take Him, O crowd, and seize Him;
Drive Him from our city and let Him be crucified.

The Paschal moon paints Jerusalem's streets
While Sunday's palms lie rotting in the silvered dews
—John E. Fitzgerald

LUMEN CHRISTI

Candles from a darkened box,
Stout and thick—
Imperfectly sustaining
Each a faulty wick,—

Love and warmth and service
Become your life tonight.
From a pure new taper,
Receive the kindled light.

Easter candles, gladly burn
In His name.
Shrink or waver in the wind,
But feed the flame.

Be consumed in radiance
That is His.
Before your burning came to be,
LIGHT IS.

—Ruth T. Murrin

THE NIGHT HE ROSE

There Mary paused in silence and amaze,
And then a voice called through the cloud of drear
That walled the fastness of her stricken days,
"Why seek the living here among the dead?"

She could but marvel that the stone was gone,
That Pilate's guardsmen might have closed their eyes
This miracle God wrought against the dawn
Gave her one moment of forlorn surprise.

The little thorn tree could have set her right:
The fig tree must have heard Him softly pass;
They had been standing there all through the night
They saw His footprints on the moonlit grass.

The wary den-bound vixen might have told
How something billowing and swift and pale
And girt as though with wings of beaten gold
Had moved at daybreak tombward down the trail.

—Earl B. Bickford

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AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR
CONFRATERNITY of the PRECIOUS BLOOD

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph B. Frey, Director
BROOKLYN 19, NEW YORK

Retarded Children." Last February the Peninsula Council fostered a special class in a local public school, and, a few weeks ago, the second such class sponsored by the Council was opened.

To any parent of a retarded child who hesitates to join his local group for fear of embarrassment, distasteful publicity, or similar reasons, I say, there is nothing to lose, but your child and you have everything to gain in joining.

The local classes, which have been a source of great pleasure and definite advancement to our children, have become a reality because sufficient numbers of parents banded together to work for the common cause. The individual alone could do nothing.

My child has attended the special class in Newport News for a year now and soon will leave to attend the State Training School. I believe that she is far better prepared to leave home than she would have been without the year in the local class, and the counsel and kind encouragement of the teacher here has been a great help to our family.

Thank you and Mr. Press for your excellent article.

MRS. ANTON SCHUSZLER
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Politics

Concerning the political department—there is only one thing I find wrong with it, and that is there isn't enough of it. I know you probably have a quota, so to speak, for all your features and sections and enlarging this one or that one might entail difficulty. But, it seems to me, some of the secular papers and magazines go out of their way to comment on a wider phase of the political scene.

So I, as a committee of one, put this before the board—a bigger and better political section.

EMIL E. KLEIN
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Language Barrier

I have just received the December issue of THE SIGN containing the very interesting article by John C. O'Brien about Mr. Leon Dostert, his life and activities in the field of linguistics. I, too, have been trying by my teaching of German, English, French, and Spanish for more than thirty years to tear down the language barriers so that the peoples of our Western world may learn to understand and get to know one another better and become aware of the common intellectual and spiritual bonds which should continue to bind them together.

AUGUSTE MOESLINGER
EPINAL, VOSGES, FRANCE

A Woman's Way

Time to renew that subscription again, and I can't mail it off without pointing out smugly that—unknowingly, most likely—THE SIGN has followed the advice I suggested with my last year's renewal, and which you subsequently published in your letters column—that is, that you should not

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This fourth Tour-of-the-West is especially for readers of The Sign and Catholic friends. Dates are July 31 to August 14. Solve your vacation problem by joining our congenial crowd.



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Please write for our free folder: "Tour-of-the-West," to The Sign, Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

If & WHEN You Move
Please Remember to Send
Your Old AND New Address
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Sheer Ambrosia from the Sexton Treasure Chest

SO PRECIOUS were the blends of Darjeeling, Ceylon and India teas in the old days, they were sent "back home" in miniature treasure chests.

That's why Sexton—tea merchants for over 70 years—pack their Sherman Luxury Tea bags in this carton, a reproduction of the tea chest in which this treasure blend was protected en route and now in the new non-tangling tea bags—125 to the "Sexton Treasure Chest."



John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

underestimate the power of your women readers and should include a few more features for them.

Well, for this woman reader anyway, this has been THE SIGN's best year. The beautiful article by Lady Pakenham in the November issue, the thoughtful piece on prayer in an earlier one by Mrs. Killilea, the interesting feature on that talented poet, author, and mother, Phyllis McGinley, are three ways to a woman reader's heart that I think of off-hand.

PATRICIA MALONEY MARKUN
BALBOA HTS., CANAL ZONE.

Believe Thee Me

I am a college student, subject to a tremendous amount of "unfit" reading material. It is indeed a pleasure to sit and relax with your fine magazine. Yours is the finest magazine (Catholic or secular) that I have ever come across.

You have made an honest attempt to bring good reading to the American public. There has never been one instance in which I have disagreed with your editorials. Your short stories are of the highest caliber. "The Sign Post" is one of your most interesting features. In fact, the only fault I can find with your magazine is the letters from ignorant people (which I certainly cannot blame on you).

PAUL FRITTON

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

The topic of artificial insemination is probably a touchy subject highly colored by subjective feelings on the matter. Admitting your very proper conclusions on this subject in your February, 1955 issue (pp. 10-11), yet I feel that your discussion of the subject is rather raw and distinctly displeasing and distasteful—and approached in a very crude, coarse way.

I. J. BELLAFFIORE

SEAFORD, N. Y.

Spiritual Thought

My favorite is the "Spiritual Thought for the Month" by Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B. His article "Peter the Apostle" (Jan. '55) touched my despairing heart...

MRS. JAMES L. MOONEY

SUMMIT, N. J.

Show Business

I am in perfect agreement with Jerry Cotter in his criticism of *There's No Business Like Show Business*, only he didn't make it strong enough.

The producers are at fault in allowing Marilyn Monroe and others to appear in such devilish attire.

We were in Chicago recently and we went to see the picture. Our party walked out disgustedly when Marilyn appeared and sang "Turn on the Heat."

MRS. WILLIAM M. FRITCH

JASPER, IND.

Better late . . .

I receive THE SIGN through my brother who enjoys a life membership, hence I am a little late in answering Rev. Robert

Egan's letter in your November 1954 issue.

I am a practical Catholic, belong to several Catholic societies, and consider my family good contributors.

Where would the economic conditions in this or any country prevail if commercialism was not a particular issue in our Christmas spirit.

I think television, radio, and the press have done wonders in bringing "Christ into Christmas" and the "Spirit of Commercialism" paid the bill.

ANNA F. DOOLEY

ROSEDALE, L. I.

Liberace

I don't think the letter written by Mary E. McCarthy in last month's issue of THE SIGN concerning Liberace was very fair. . . .

I was surprised to read such utter nonsense from Mary E. McCarthy. A person like this shouldn't criticize if she can't recognize a talented, friendly, polite, generous man—a man who practices what he preaches.

MISS ANITA CARUSO

CLEVELAND, OHIO

... Like the article or not, can't readers let authors and magazines cover controversial subjects? The doctrine of not speaking unless you can say something very good about the person or subject you write about is a sorry one. How would doctors have ever conquered smallpox, heart disease, etc., if they had to speak so softly as your readers demand. . . .

PATRICK E. LEE

HELENA, MONT.

Ultraconservative Catholics

Your editorial, "The Ultraconservative Catholic" was very disturbing. I dislike to disagree with a Catholic priest on any issue, but I disagree with you on this topic. Personally, I know no ultraconservative Catholic, but I know many liberal Catholics. Would you classify Father Gillis as an ultraconservative Catholic? If he is, so am I, and that is where I want to be, for Father Gillis is right, in my opinion.

MISS SUSAN J. MONTANARI

RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

... We particularly resented your editorial "The Ultraconservative Catholic." It mentions that Catholics belong to an international organization. You cannot compare the Catholic Church with the U. N. If you give it some thought, you will find many reasons why there is no comparison. You call it "international" but surely you are aware that many countries are excluded: Eire, Portugal, Spain, Italy, etc.

Furthermore, it is hardly fair to accuse Westbrook Pegler of some error and then link this error to the ultraconservative Catholic. In order to defend myself, must I also defend Westbrook Pegler? His column is not carried in any of our local papers. . . .

Because of your editorial, we do not wish to continue receiving your magazine and ask that you kindly refund the unused portion of the subscription price.

JOSEPH A. BOERSIG

BRECKSVILLE, OHIO.

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

APRIL

1955

Vol. 34

No. 9



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THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers, (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.). Subscription price \$3.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 25¢. Canada, \$3.00 a year; Foreign, \$3.50 per year.—All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication.—Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least four weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6400. —Entered as Second-Class matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Par. 4-365, Act of May 28, 1925.—All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index. Copyright by THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., 1955.



Editor's page

Yield, and Have Peace!

FOR some time Communist strategy in dealing with the West has been obvious to anyone with the intelligence of a sixth grader. It has been: yield and have peace. But every time the West yields, the Reds move into their newly won position and repeat the process. That's what they did in Korea. After Korea came Indo-China. After Indo-China it's Formosa. If we give way to them on Formosa, they will move forward to half a dozen other immediate objectives in the Far East. The final outcome will be a complete Red victory without a single major military engagement.

The path of conquest the Reds have marked out for themselves in the Far East is not difficult to trace. First there are the small islands off the coast of China, especially Quemoy and Matsu. After that it will be Formosa. If Formosa goes, it will be Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Malaya, Thailand, and Burma. Later on the list will be India, flanking the Middle East, Indonesia with its vast natural resources, and finally Japan with its great industrial potential and man power.

While the Russians have been huffing and puffing over the prospect of West German rearmament, the Red Chinese have been pushing forward by force of arms, by threats, by internal subversion, and by psychological warfare. Since Korea they have committed almost no military forces. Their successes have been due to the fact that the West has allowed them to get away with it.

The Chinese Reds have certain advantages. There are millions of Chinese dispersed throughout Southeast Asia. They have an intense interest in what is going on there. They are influential in the countries in which they live. They favor Chiang Kai-shek and oppose the Reds. But if China falls their loyalty will go by default to Red China. And it will go all the more readily because they know that in a critical juncture we deserted the people of their homeland, we sold their leader, Chiang, down the river.

Then too, the Chinese and the other people of Southeast Asia are Orientals. They value "face." If they think Peiping is a winner they will fall over one another to get onto the Red bandwagon. Furthermore, there is a strong appeal in the slogan

the Communists have taken over from the Japanese: Asia for the Asians.

Fortunately, we are not sitting back doing nothing. The recent meeting of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (Seato) at Bangkok in Thailand was a step in the right direction. The Treaty nations are Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand, Australia, New Zealand, France, Britain, and the U. S. Steps were taken to strengthen the military and economic power of this area and to assist it in dealing with Communist tactics.

Whether anything really worthwhile was accomplished will depend in large measure on the course which the U. S. pursues. Of the nations listed above, the first five can accomplish little without our help. The contributions of Britain and France will be heavily weighted on the side of yielding and then yielding again. Only the U. S. can give the alliance a backbone, by insisting on a forceful policy and by giving substantial aid toward putting the area in a posture of defense.

The Far East is divided into three defense areas. To the north are Japan and Korea, in the middle is Formosa, and to the Southeast the Seato nations. At present there is no alliance among these groups. Secretary Dulles evidently envisions some such alliance so that if the Reds attack one area they would have to face the prospect of fighting all three groups. This would be a powerful deterrent to aggression. Up to the present at least the Chinese Reds have been unwilling to take on more than one country at a time.

It isn't very difficult to work out on paper the defense of the Far East. It isn't quite so easy to make it a reality. Whatever else we do, we shall have to convince our allies in this area that we are going to do our utmost to help them and that we are not going to be deterred by any advice to appease the Reds that we may receive from our European friends.

Frather Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS

IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

GLENTY of citizens must wonder about the double standards held by many liberals, here and abroad, about Communism. Here at home they are extremely sensitive in reacting to any violation of man's liberties. They denounce violence, injustice, and special privilege. They are against state tyranny and abuse of power. These same persons seem to apply entirely different standards in situations involving Communism. Most of them were openly friendly to the Soviet Union during the united-front days of 1935-1939. When the Hitler-Stalin pact was broken in 1941, they outdid themselves praising the heroic resistance of the Soviet Union. After Korea they were forced to condemn Red aggression, but they did not seem at ease in the process.

On every possible occasion they take a mild and "temperate" view of the Communist question. Domestically they raise civil-liberties problems in relation to Congressional investigations. In regard to foreign relations, they tend to favor recognition of Red China, friendliness toward neutralist India, and annoyance toward Chiang Kai-shek.

Such liberals have no inhibitions about denouncing Franco Spain and in trying to keep it out of the society of nations. Yet, even conceding all the worst things that have been charged against Franco, nothing has been said which could compare with the cruelties of Red China, which liberals would admit into the U.N. Such is the double standard. It would take a psychiatrist to delve into all the complexities of motivation involved. But one partial explanation casts quite a bit of light on the subject. These liberals have guilt feelings about capitalism. They were trained to regard the capitalist system as the root of many important social evils.

INTELLECTUALLY, they might admit that American capitalism has changed sharply for the better in the last two decades. But emotionally their allegiance is still with the groups that would replace capitalism with a socialist economy. They must oppose Communist tyranny, but they do this with reluctance and regret. They hate to find themselves grouped with Wall Street in the struggle between the two systems.

As a result, they use every possible occasion to treat Communism lightly, both at home and abroad. While their minds say that Red tyranny is wrong, their hopes are for a miraculous change that will somehow make Communism acceptable. And, as happens with many of us, their emotions gradually color their thinking.

This explains much of the activities, not only of American liberals, but also of the British Labor Party, German Trade Unions, continental socialists, and the Indian followers of Nehru. To them the United States is the brassy symbol of a vigorous capitalism. Every excuse to blame us, and every excuse to interpret Communist actions kindly, is seized.

Admittedly this is not all the picture. Other motives must



This S. African boy kneels to pray in Johannesburg's Church of Christ the King for justice, as he and his kin are removed by the government to new Location outside city

United Press



Chancellor Adenauer listens pensively during debate on rearmament. Vote brought victory to the Chancellor. Now Germany can have its place among nations of West



In Japan, Premier Hatoyama led Conservatives to victory in recent elections. Japan will remain pro-Western, but some issues will get touchier: e.g., trade with Red China



Pope Pius XII has recovered enough to assume more of his Vatican duties. Here he chats with Cardinal Constantini at meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites

be considered as well. There is the effort to justify to themselves their high enthusiasms of the nineteen thirties and forties about the Soviet Union. The fact that the Church is deep in the struggle against Communism may influence some. The saying "Anti-Catholicism is the Anti-Semitism of the liberal" is more than a witty remark. But the deep unhappiness with capitalism is probably the most powerful factor in the liberal mind.

A REVIEW of the President's Congress-given authority to defend Formosa even at the risk of war suggests this line of meditation: The value of his authority as

Our War On The Home Front

a deterrent to a Red-sponsored war rests squarely on one fact. It rests on his disposition to take the most effective measures to quash any Red operation which could seriously compromise the Nationalist hold on Formosa. The more passive he promises to be, the more ready the mainland Communists will be to gamble.

Whittle down the President's disposition to apply his authority and you whittle down the value of the authority as a war deterrent.

Well, as sure as fate, the whittlers have been plying the jackknives. From the usual quarters have come characteristic attempts to confuse, to intimidate, and to sidetrack the President. The effect of this strategy—if the President lets for it—would be to worsen the position of the United States and improve that of the enemy. Oddly enough, this seems to be the ambition which gnaws at many prominent citizens who mysteriously manage to retain public respect.

For instance, insinuations have been dropped which are obviously intended to persuade him to make the Formosa affair an overmatch, similar to the Korean War. These insinuations have taken the form of complacent assumption that—in the event of an attack—our role will be strictly defensive. We will not bomb mainland supply bases, staging points, and war industries. As for "hot pursuit"—chasing attacking enemy planes back to the mainland and shooting them down over their home grounds—well, maybe, but that's the limit. In other words, they would have us pit a crippled Pekingese against a well-conditioned panther and lay our bet on the dog.

THERE has been much cheeky prodding of the President to overlook a conquest which would proceed by nibbles rather than bites. Thus, one at a time, the Red would be permitted to consume all of the China coastal islands with the exception of the Pescadores and Formosa. Or, perhaps only Formosa. Or, perhaps in a few months, not even Formosa.

Has The President Changed His Mind?

There have been predictions—which have looked more like nudges—to the effect that in a little more than a year India will have supplanted Nationalist China in the U. N. Security Council and Red China will have a U. N. seat.

Acting as *banderilleros* in this needling of the President have been Britain, Nehru, Dr. Hammarskjold, civil servants—like Justice Douglas and Senators Lehman and Humphrey—who overextend their diplomatic talent, and the mysteriously coy Americanism of certain stuffy metropolitan newspapers.

The question is: How is the President reacting? Unhappily, we don't know. He has said that he will not tip his hand to the enemy. But that means he will not tip his hand to the American public, either. Is he softening up and beginning to lurch mentally under the bombardment of foreign diplomats and domestic windbags? And, eventually, who is going to count most with him, the big unvoiced

to the public which wants security for the free world, or the little
ities and a moterie of headline hogs who are forever mooning over our
Church enemies?
influence. We don't know. His Congressional authorization had
nothing to say about that. But that authorization makes one
thing clear: The issue of the Formosa business will be as
deep as the Korea business was the responsibility of President Tru-
man.

On February 24, in Albany, N. Y., before the State As-
sembly Ways and Means Committee, a group of thirty-
six speakers urged "modernization" of the state's mar-
riage and divorce laws. With

Homeopathic Divorce

characteristic anesthesia to logic, the speakers claimed that their
aim was not to make divorce
easier. They merely wanted to
ease tensions in marriage and promote reconciliations. And
how was this to be done? You guessed it. By making divorce
easier.

At present, the only ground for divorce in New York State
is the adultery of one's partner. Prospecting divorcees, how-
ever, frequently invoke a fictitious adultery to obtain the
divorce. Shysters can be retained to stage the adultery, com-
plete with hotel bedroom in the precise measure of suggestive
disarray, a partner in iniquity rented from a casting office
and presented in a convincing condition of dishabille, and,
finally, the raid with witnesses.

This legal vaudeville is, of course, a blend of fraud and
perjury. But the parties are so intent on getting shed
of each other that such minor considerations do not inhibit
them.

Such is the situation which the speakers in Albany claim
can be cured by making divorce easier. By permitting di-
vorce for such reasons, presumably, as "incompatibility" and
"mental cruelty," the state will mysteriously ease tensions in
marriage and spur reconciliations. Just as mysteriously the
moral level of the community will rise. Those who will now
perjure themselves and compound a fraud in their hunger
to unburden themselves of a mate, will, if their heart's desire
is facilitated by law, heroically refuse to avail themselves
of it. Such is the curious logic of the matter.

THIS phenomenon of curing divorce by facilitating it
corresponds to the well-known fact that the way to
cure an alcoholic is not by keeping him off liquor, but
by presenting him with a case of
the best bourbon and a conven-
ient bed. Thus you will ease
his temptation and promote
sobriety. A Methodist minister
was on hand to advocate liberalizing the present law. There
was not, however, the familiar sonorous reference to the
Holy Bible as the supreme arbiter of right and wrong. Could
this be because Our Lord's biblical comment on divorce was
no more liberal than the current law of New York?

An Episcopal minister took a veiled crack at the Catho-
lic Church for its dissent to plans for "streamlining" the
production of marriage casualties. He said: "Each Church
has adequate machinery for the enforcement of its own
canon law. But it has no right to have its canon law in-
corporated into the law of the land."

As for that, we wonder about the adequacy of the
canonical machinery of the Episcopal Church when, for
instance, it desires to demote a Brooklyn minister for head-
ing up a "subversive" organization.

And we wonder, too, if it isn't Protestant canon law
which the reverend commentator would like to substitute
for the present legislation of the State of New York.



Religious News
**Giorgio La Pira, Mayor of Florence, Italy, relaxes at home
with his birds. Noted for his Franciscan spirit, La Pira
believes that Christian love can solve all of the world's ills**



United Press
**AFL's George Meany, left, and CIO's Walter Reuther shake
on the merger of their unions. Union of two groups
will help prevent many costly jurisdictional strikes**



Harris & Ewing
**Civil Defense head Val Peterson discusses CD problem with
Sen. Kefauver, right, at Senate hearing. Peterson urges
evacuation of cities under attack. Question: How to do it?**



New trends in Church architecture are shown by modern Church of St. Albert the Great in California. Design won annual Church Property Administration competition

Religious News Photo



Archbishop Cushing of Boston celebrates first Mass in "Our Lady of the Railways" Chapel in city's South Station. Chapel embodies a railway motif in its decorations

Views in Brief

Funny Business. A report from the University of California states that Americans spend an average of 100 million dollars each year for comics, more than they spend for the entire book supply for elementary and secondary schools. Such figures make one wonder if outlawing sex and horror comics is enough. Perhaps more basic are the questions: Are we wasting money that is seriously needed for schools and teachers? Are we reading books that—even when "clean"—fill us with idle thoughts and keep us from understanding more fully the real meaning of our lives? Avoiding moral evil is not really enough; our minds must be converted—our thinking remade.

Crime Cut. At a recent study on education, a warden had the solution for cutting down crime: teach mathematics. This would lead students to think logically and make them virtuous when they came of age. The educators clapped. One would like to think that the warden was simply pulling their leg and that they were just being polite. Their seriousness, one fears, will be reflected in the schools' confusion about how to make good men as well as good mathematicians.

Naturally. Democracies run the risk of trusting in Rousseau's belief that "man is naturally good, loving justice and order: that there is not any original perversity in the human heart." For if this is true, democracies will succeed. Christ's death on the Cross refutes this, reminding us of the wound of sin in our nature: our darkened intellect, our weakened will, our inclination toward evil. Perhaps our failure to remember this may account for less discipline in the home, less training in school, less government in public life, and less humility before God. Democracies can succeed if men are good. But men must become good by the grace of God.

The Threat of the Bomb. Traffic experts and civil defense leaders are at odds on what to do with the people who are caught in our major cities during an H-Bomb attack. Evacuate them, say the C.D. heads. Impossible, reply the traffic men. All of which leaves the problem children a little disconcerted by visions of themselves done to a crisp like a rash of bacon. To anyone who commutes daily in and out of big cities, evacuation is obviously no answer. Any attempt at evacuating New York, for example, would merely guarantee that everyone would be well-done.

Common sense dictates other alternatives, based on recognition that the threat of The Bomb has brought an entirely new factor into city planning: 1. Dispersal of industry and population into areas less vulnerable to attack; 2. A traffic revolution in and around our major cities, possibly including special, cheaply built, for-emergency-only highways; 3. Banning of the H-Bomb as a weapon with no practical military use that is not also immoral. Finally, while the traffic and C.D. people seem to be losing their heads, let's hope the citizenry can keep theirs.

Taxes. While the man in the street is dutifully paying last year's income tax, Congress has been debating next year's. The Democrats have advocated a \$20 tax cut for everybody. The President and the GOP have turned thumbs down. While a good argument can be made for no tax cuts now or in the near future, the GOP position appears just a bit inconsistent with last year's reductions in favor of business. Any taxpayer would like a little louder jingle in his pocket, but it seems to us he would be glad to settle for a little consistency. If a little louder jingle in business pockets helps the economy, it should do the same in consumer pockets.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND

Ever get caught on the wrong end of bad bargain? Take your troubles to the F.T.C.
It's there just to help you

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN



Underwood & Underwood

Going shopping? Most businessmen make honest claims about products. The F.T.C. protects you against those who don't

F.T.C. Chairman Howrey: He's on the consumer's side



Harris & Ewing

FEW months ago, the tired eyes of Americans were greeted by an optical company with an advertisement proclaiming "Big News to Millions of Spectacle Wearers." It was big news, indeed. For by answering the advertisement one could get a "sensational device" for testing the eyes at home, and by ordering from the company one could get a pair of glasses that would correct vision defects—with the added advantage of winning "freedom from outrageous prices."

That advertisement is not likely to continue appearing very long. When it came under the 20-20 vision of the Federal Trade Commission, that agency issued a complaint charging the company with misrepresentation. The commission alleged that the advertisement conveyed

the impression that the company's glasses would suit all persons; whereas, in fact, they would correct vision only in persons forty years of age or older who had no astigmatism or eye disease and who required only simple magnifying or reducing lenses.

The complaint against the optical company was just one of hundreds that the commission issues every year. Although it is not one of the more highly publicized government agencies, the F.T.C. has been protecting the American consumer since 1938 from being preyed upon by unscrupulous business concerns.

Most American businessmen, of course, are honest, but a minority recognize no code of ethics. The sole aim of this minority seems to be to bam-

boozle the housewife and separate her from her husband's hard-earned dollars. How much these sharpers extract from the American public in a year no one knows definitely. But the sum is large and would be much larger if the F.T.C. was not constantly cracking down on shady merchandisers.

The long arm of the Federal Trade Commission reaches out to stop fraud in the merchandising of almost every product that goes into the American home: foods, drugs, cosmetics, household appliances, furs and other wearing apparel, even health and accident insurance policies. It wages war on monopolistic pricing, price-faking, mislabeling, and what it calls "bait advertising."

Two of the commission's most important battles for the consumer in re-

cent months were directed at the skyrocketing price of coffee and the misleading advertising of certain firms selling health and accident insurance. Although most F.T.C. investigations are inspired by complaints, these two were initiated on the commission's own motion.

At the height of the coffee price rise, after the retail price had risen about twenty-five cents a pound, the commission, through Chairman Edward F. Howrey, ordered an investigation to determine whether trading in coffee futures on the Coffee and Sugar Exchange was responsible for the sharp price rise.

The coffee trade's excuse for the price advance was a purported failure of the Brazilian crop because of a frost in 1953. In July, 1954, the F.T.C. issued a report admitting that the frost damage would justify a moderate increase in coffee prices, but concluding that "no actual current shortage in the volume of coffee moving to market . . . would fully explain the price increase." It also reported "no basis for finding that present prices of coffee are justified by either present or prospective conditions of demand and supply."

THE exhaustive report was sent to Congress with recommendations for legislation to correct trading practices. Congress has not yet enacted the recommended legislation, but the price of coffee has dropped substantially.

"The American housewife took care of that situation," chuckles PGad B. Morehouse, chief of the commission's compliance division. "When she read of our report, she curtailed her coffee buying and forced the prices down."

Even so, the F.T.C. hasn't eased up on the coffee traders. Last October it issued a complaint against the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, Inc., challenging its "restrictive contract in coffee futures trading" as "an unlawful restraint of trade."

More important to the American family than the price of coffee is financial protection against loss of health or injury through accident. Many sound, fair-dealing insurance companies are selling this type of insurance. But last year the F.T.C. decided that twenty-three companies were "too generous in extolling the virtues of their particular policies and not meticulous enough in the disclosure of their exceptions."

These companies, according to the commission, were collecting annual premiums of about \$325,000,000, representing about one-third of the total accident and health coverage on an individual policy basis in the United States.

A typical charge was that a company's advertising conveyed the impression that policies would remain in effect as

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long as the policyholder paid his premiums; whereas, in fact, the policies were renewable each premium period only at the option of the company. Some of the companies made representations that benefits in certain cases were payable for life, though the payments were reduced to 50 per cent after the policyholder's sixty-fifth birthday.

Action by the F.T.C. usually originates in one of three ways: a consumer who has been taken in by a misleading sales practice complains; a competitor who has been hurt complains; or, as in the case of the coffee price rise, the commission acts on its own information without waiting for a complaint.

Many of the complaints come from housewives, laboriously written out in longhand. Occasionally these missives are amusing. Not long ago a farmer wrote that one of his cows drank some water that contained anti-freeze and got sick. His complaint was that the label on the anti-freeze should have warned that it was not good for cows. The commission, which tries to be reasonable, thought that this was expecting too much from the labeler.

When a complaint is received, the commission assigns it to a team from its 600-man investigating staff. If the investigation tends to bear out the complaint, the F.T.C. asks the accused firm to agree to discontinue its false claims. About half do. Against those which refuse, a complaint is issued, a hearing held, and, if the evidence warrants, an order issued. Should the accused refuse to obey the order, a suit is filed in a United States district court. The penalty for violation is stiff. It can be \$5,000 a day for each offense, but actually the average penalty imposed by the courts is about \$1,000 a day.

One of the most widely practiced forms of deception is mislabeling. Until the enactment of the truth-in-furs act in 1952 and the wool labeling act in 1939, misbranding was rife in the fur and wearing apparel businesses. Both acts, incidentally, were supported in Congress by the commission to strengthen its hand in stamping out deceit.

Until the passage of the fur labeling act, for example, garments made of rabbit, one of the cheapest furs, were offered to the housewife under 100 different names. Rabbit was advertised as "minklet," "beaver rat," "mendoza beaver," "Baltic lion"—anything but rabbit. The consumer who knew nothing

about furs was completely at the mercy of the salesman.

But today, dealers in furs must state the true English name of the animal from which the fur comes, the country of origin, whether the skin is natural color or dyed, whether the garment is made of whole skins or from scraps and trimmings. Since the passage of the act, says Harvey H. Hannah II, chief of the wool and fur division, fur advertising has improved "1,000 per cent." False advertising still crops up now and then. Only recently the commission charged a firm with labeling a fur "Alaskan mink," when, as a matter of fact, the mink had never seen the Aleutian.

False advertising of wool garments also is declining, although the commission is currently combating false branding of cashmere, vicuna, and misrepresentation of the wool-batting content of comforters. Before the passage of the wool labeling act, blankets were advertised as "100 per cent wool," when they actually contained as little as 5 per cent wool. Underwear was represented as 100% wool, when the only wool in the garment was in the thread with which the buttons were sewed on. Such wild claims are seldom seen today. Yet, only a few weeks ago, the commission had to force twelve firms to stop using the word "wool" to describe imported rugs which were not 100 per cent wool.

Another type of textile which has given the F.T.C. a great deal of trouble are flammable fabrics. The sale of this type of garment first came to the commission's attention eight years ago when reports poured in from all parts of the country that boys had been burned while wearing cowboy pants made of flammable long-pile synthetic fabrics. Recently the commission has had complaints about the sale of rain coats made of pyrolin, which is nitrocellulose.

AS in the case of furs and wool, the F.T.C. "lobbied" for a law banning manufacture or sale of highly flammable synthetic fibers. Most domestic textile manufacturers supported the act, which went into effect July 1, 1954. Since the compliance by domestic manufacturers has been good. Currently, however, the commission is having trouble with imported textiles, chiefly a flammable lightweight scarf made in Japan.

Some of the false claims made for drugs, foods, cosmetics, and other products are unbelievably fantastic. The commission's chief compliance officer recalls that a manufacturer of a breakfast cereal featured in its advertising a fictitious character who was supposed to have waxed strong by eating the cereal. He was built up as a model for children.

This was all right with the F.T.C.

since the cereal was nutritious. But when the manufacturer informed its youthful customers that the strongman-hero's mother was in the hospital and that unless they ate more of the company's product the hero would not be able to pay her hospital bills, the commission decided things had gone too far.

One of the most curious cases of misbranding that has come to the notice of the commission in a long time is that of a firm which sold aluminum cooking utensils, yet claimed that the utensils contained only a negligible amount of aluminum. The company also warned prospective customers that food cooked

cooked in aluminum was dangerous to health.

The advertising of one publishing company even looked beyond the grave. It offered for sale a "will package," a kit which would enable anyone to write a sure-fire, unbreakable will without the assistance of a lawyer. The commission forced the firm to discontinue the claim that use of the kit would give any person sufficient legal knowledge to write a valid will, unbreakable in any state.

Another thriving type of misrepresentation is what the commission calls "bait advertising." A firm advertised a rebuilt

finally would come to the heart of the matter by suggesting that purchase of the encyclopedia would greatly enhance the housewife's enjoyment of the programs.

Another form of come-on advertising is the "how-to-make-money-at-home" type. The commission recently cracked down on a company which informed housewives that they could make from \$15 to \$50 a week at home addressing envelopes. It turned out that the housewife was expected to send letters to her friends asking them to buy a plastic apron which the company manufactured. Only if she made sales would she get any money for her trouble.

A WAY to make money at home proposed by another company was to grow mushrooms. For a price the company would supply mushroom spawn and fertilizer and buy the mushrooms after they had been grown. But the company ran afoul of the F.T.C. by representing that mushrooms can be grown any time of the year under usual conditions, when, in fact, they require a controlled temperature below 65 degrees Fahrenheit; that mushroom beds have no odor and hence can be installed in a spare room in the home, when, actually, they produce a highly offensive odor.

One of the most troublesome misrepresentations the commission has to deal with are comparative price advertisements. A jewelry company, for example, recently advertised a ring that "was \$249, now \$119." Actually, the higher price was strictly fictitious; the company had never attempted to sell the ring at that price. More wary hucksters advertise a "\$5,000 value for \$1,500." Against this type of gross deception the commission has difficulty moving, because value is a matter of judgment that is hard to establish in courts.

Substantial though the volume of complaints passing through the commission's mill may be, Commissioner Lowell B. Mason has repeatedly pointed out that many violators go undetected.

"Whenever a bad business habit is engaged in by a group of companies," he says, "I have found that as a general rule the same bad business habit is apt to be repeated throughout the industry. The very element of competition leads to widespread repetition of misleading claims."

Yet, despite his long dealings with the unscrupulous businessman, Mason has come to the conclusion that business people are "inherently honest."

"I have often said," he told this writer, "the good in business comes mostly from business itself, and once the Federal Trade Commission sets the pattern 99 per cent of those supplying housewives' needs follow that pattern."



Chairman Howrey testifies on coffee prices. He found no shortage to justify the big price jump. Housewives listened

Harris & Ewing

in aluminum utensils was dangerous to health. Investigation by the commission developed that the producer of the aluminum utensils was knocking his own product in an effort to meet competition from a manufacturer of a stainless steel utensil who also was making the same or stronger representations about the dangers of cooking in aluminum. The manufacturer of the stainless steel utensils even went so far as to state that food cooked in aluminum "caused cancer."

The F.T.C. experts found that there was no basis for the adverse representations made about aluminum utensils. So the commission proceeded against the manufacturer of the aluminum utensils for falsely stating that his products contained almost no aluminum and against the manufacturer of the stainless steel utensils for claiming that food

vacuum cleaner, "good as new," for \$9. This, the commission found, was merely a lure to induce a housewife to admit a salesman for a demonstration. Once inside the door, the salesman quickly sought to convince the housewife that the rebuilt machine was no good and tried to sell her a new one costing \$75, which he just happened to have outside in his car.

In the commission's files are complaints against firms which use questionnaires as a device for getting a busy housewife to listen to a door-to-door salesman. A complaint was brought against the publisher of an encyclopedia, whose salesmen represented that they were making a survey of the viewing habits of radio and television listeners. After asking a number of questions about favorite programs, listening times, commercials, and the like, the salesman

REMEMBER the way you smiled as Uncle John—a kind, old man, but always a little strange—snuck into his den, furtively tucking little packets out of sight? Or the nights his late-burning light worried you, because you knew he was still up sucking hinges and straining his bifocaled eyes over odd stamps and blurred postmarks?

That's all changed now. The queer uncle is admired as a man of parts, a man with an eye for the future. Those little stamps he fooled around with have become world-wide currency, like diamonds or bullion. The credit for this change goes to the Postal Department—even though they may hate to admit it. The more mistakes they make, the more valuable the stamp. And Uncle John's most fervent prayer is probably that the engraver's machinery gets fouled up or that the inspector has a hangover.

In 1847 the Post Office stopped making the person who got the letter pay the bill. It decided to print stamps and make the sender pay. After all, the letter was his idea. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, and Edson got the contract. The printing was not something to be proud of. By 1851 the design of the one-cent blue was almost a monstrosity. Today this miserable stamp is worth seventy-five hundred dollars.

People adjusted easily to stamps. They were soon washing off the ink and re-using them. In 1861 some snitcher sold the idea of impressing grills on the back of the stamps. It's the same thing that's used on checks today. But there were flaws in the machinery and after a while the grills were uneven. Today, a five-cent copy with the grill pointing up sells for thirty-five hundred dollars.

The first two-colored stamp appeared in 1869. The die, of course, had to go into the press twice. Even printers nod; a few sheets came out with the center portrait reversed. These were the first inverted stamps. The fifteen-cent, twenty-four-cent, and thirty-cent copies are selling for ten thousand, six thousand, and eight thousand dollars respectively.

There's an exciting story about the air-mail stamp of 1918. The twenty-four cent stamp was blessed with two colors. The first day they went on sale, an eager young man walked into a post office in Washington and asked for a sheet of the stamps. The post office clerk was nobody's fool; he knew the young man was afflicted with the same disease as your Uncle John. He quietly informed the young man that he had a sheet of a hundred with the airplane reversed. What he asked for this bit of information we do not know. But the next day the man offered the sheet to Scott Stamp and Coin Company in New York for ten thousand dollars.



STAMPS CAN MAKE YOU RICH

Stamp collecting is more
than pastime; it's business

by **ARTHUR VICTORSON**

Scott refused, not because they didn't have the money or the interest, but because they wanted to know how many other reversed airplanes were flying around. By this time the Secret Service had got wind of these goings on and tried to pressure the young man into returning the sheet because it was irregularly issued. But stamp collectors—with all due apologies to your Uncle—can be very unreasonable. The young man knew the sheet was his. He offered it to Eugene Klein, a reputable dealer in Philadelphia. On the order of Colonel Green, they paid fifteen thousand dollars.

The Postal Department was adept at making other mistakes. One inspector was slightly color blind. He was responsible for a few sheets of the four-cent Columbian Exposition stamp being run off in deep blue instead of aqua marine. If Uncle John has one in his album, he probably paid a thousand dollars for it.

The postman is not the only one who rings twice. Sometimes the printer strikes the plate twice and makes a double impression on the face of a stamp. The normal three-cent 1851 stamp is not worth much. But if it has a double impression, don't throw it away. It's worth thirty-five hundred dollars.

And don't think that Uncle John doesn't strain his eyes on the seemingly uninteresting perforations on stamps. He has a better chance of finding something peculiar here than anywhere else. There is hardly an issue that doesn't have some stamps perforated one way and imperforated another. One of the most famous is the eight-cent Trans-Mississippi stamp of 1898. A pair would bring him fifteen hundred dollars.

Once the numbers on the stamps got mixed up. This is like giving someone the wrong name or going about under false pretenses. This happened to the 1916-17 two-cent stamp with the Washington head. If you see Uncle John going through a batch of them very carefully, he's probably looking for the ones marked five cents instead of two. Don't make fun of him. An imperforated sheet is valued at seventeen hundred and fifty dollars.

SOME valuable stamps have a more sinister and shameful history, though no stamp collector would toss them aside just to save his reputation. Not all of the mistakes that are made printing stamps are due to carelessness. Some of them are quite deliberate. When this happens, the stamps are not allowed to stray aimlessly about in public. Under the watchful eye of those in charge, they are placed protectively in the hands of friends and fellow politicians.

About 1880, the Post Office Department thought it would be interesting to have a permanent collection of all the stamps they had printed. They had to reprint a large number of stamps from existing or from newly made plates. A certain Mr. Mandell was given charge of this work.

Instead of cash payment for his services, Mr. Mandell asked only for all the left-overs from this special printing. The Postal Department agreed. Now Mr. Mandell's request was not entirely disinterested. Nor was the Postal Department's agreement entirely above board. The stamps he received began to appear in stamp marts at high prices. Today they are among the most expensive stamps you can pick up.

So don't make fun of your Uncle John. He's not exactly wasting his time. He may end up a millionaire; or some day he may come home in a brand-new car. It could happen to you—if you looked carefully at those stamps. It's happening every day.

A Soul for Germany

A German Jesuit brings Christianity to the workers, changing their ideas.

Under his direction, a new life moves over the land

by ANTHONY B. ATAR

FATHER Franz Prinz, a humble Jesuit priest in Munich, cares little for headlines or personal tributes. His work, however, has left a powerful imprint on contemporary German life.

Father Prinz is now about forty-nine years old. Vigorous and tireless, he is the mainspring of a multitude of activities.

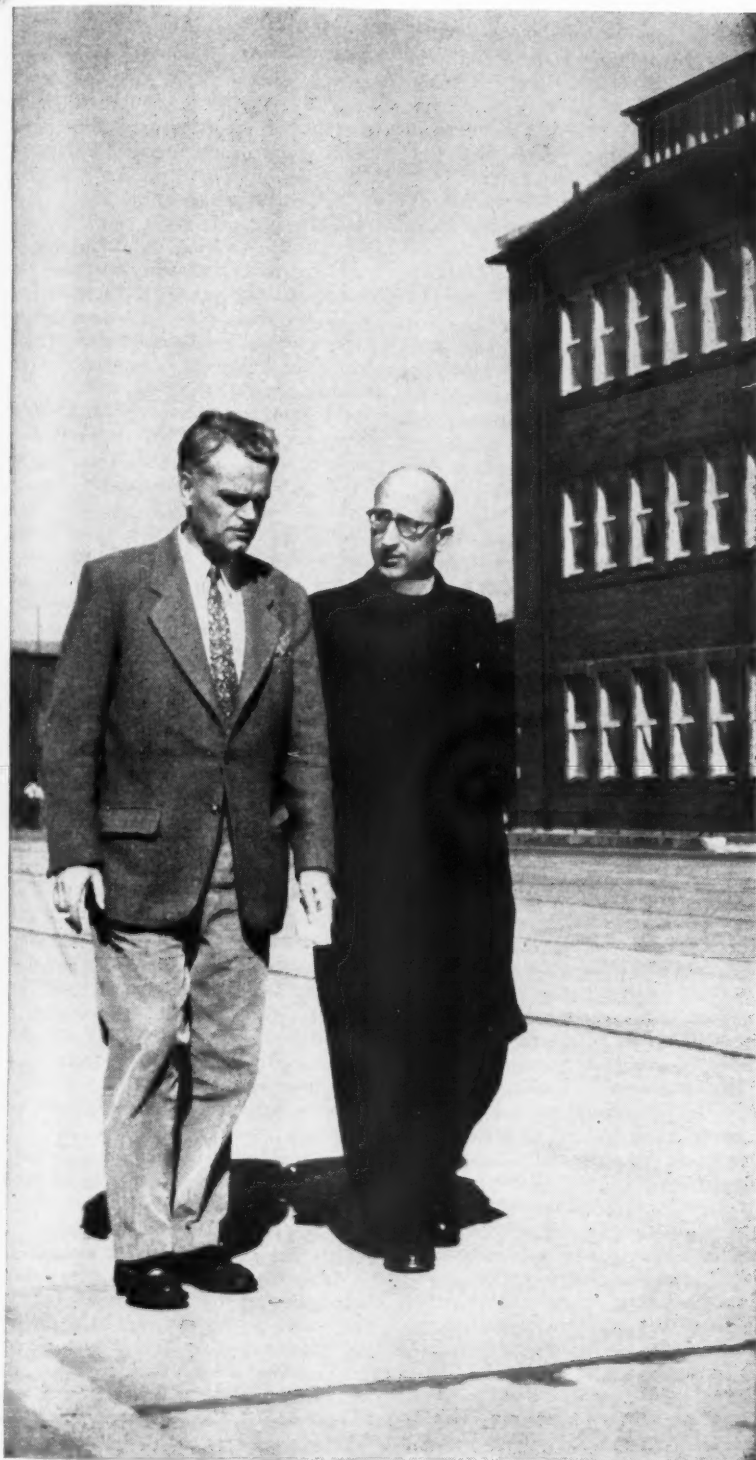
Like most members of the Jesuit Order, Father Prinz had a difficult time under Nazi rule. Expressing his convictions openly in his sermons, he attracted the attention of the Nazi bosses. They forbade him to preach. Eventually thrown into a concentration camp, Father Prinz emerged from it only to be inducted into the army.

When the war came, he was sent as a private to the front lines, seeing action on both the western and the Russian fronts. In 1944, Hitler issued a decree forbidding all Jews and Jesuit priests to serve in the army lest the German uniform be disgraced by such subhumans. As a result, Father Prinz was released from military service. He now keeps his Nazi-issued discharge order as a badge of honor.

After the war, in an effort to resolve some of the acute postwar problems, Father Prinz visited the hardest stricken places and attended labor meetings at which he debated in public with fanatical Marxists.

This is what Father Prinz himself wrote of his findings: "Catholics had abandoned the Church, been divorced, turned Communist, and had become completely cut off from parish influence. In Munich I organized meetings for the entire membership of factories and invited everyone to attend. On such occa-

ANTHONY B. ATAR, authority on international affairs, has made an extended survey of economic conditions in Germany, where he is at present working for Radio Free Europe.



Mr. Atar listens closely as Fr. Prinz discusses his program

Photos by Hannes Rosenberg



Fr. Prinz talks with a worker in Munich factory. Christian cells are formed in the factories and offices



Fr. Prinz has close contact with the workers. Each cell seeks christian answers to everyday problems

sions I got in personal contact with Socialists and Communists. It was a shattering experience to observe how far these people had been estranged from the Church. Even though many of them had spent their youth in Christian surroundings, they understood Christianity no longer."

It was also a useful experience for the priest's future activity to learn how mis-

taken some of the traditional European methods of organizing labor had been. The practice of dividing trade unions along ideological and religious lines, applied in Germany in pre-Nazi days, kept Christian and non-Christian workers wide apart, members of Marxist unions out of reach of Christian influence.

After a labor meeting during which he spoke to a mainly Marxist audience about Catholic social teaching, the priest was approached by an aged worker, a veteran Socialist unionist. The old man asked simply: "Father, why is it that I hear only now about the existence of a Catholic social program?" Father Prinz blushed with shame. He realized how Christian omissions had contributed to the rise of anti-Christian and destructive movements in his country.

OUT of these trips grew a decision. In 1946, a year after the Nazi surrender, Father Prinz got together in Munich with a small group of friends determined to find an answer to the moral, religious, and economic downfall of the German workers. These men knew that the mere destruction of the Nazi State brought no adequate solution by itself. True, it did eliminate the evil power which had been radiating anti-God and anti-human influence, but Nazism had left in its wake a terrible vacuum which explosive ideologies were only too eager to fill. This called for immediate action.

The remedy was not easy. Conventional methods would not suffice. The group concluded that, aside from material help, a vigorous campaign toward bringing Christianity back to the German workers and changing their way of thinking was the only way to save them from becoming a social tinderbox. They decided to form a new labor movement. It was called: "Work Community of Christian Workers."

Basing its technique on the example of Christian workers' movements in France and Belgium, the group resolved to use people's actual places of work as a base of operations. Factories, offices, railroad yards, and workshops became centers for penetration and Christian cells were founded there. This is what Father Prinz himself wrote about this approach: "The place of work is as much a cell in economic life as the family is in national life. When the family falls apart, no laws or government decrees can save a nation from disaster. Similarly, when factory cells are formed in opposition to the Christian spirit, no Christian economic or social order can ever be created."

Each of these cells was established by the priest himself. In later stages, when trained leaders were available, the workers themselves prepared the ground, while Father Prinz came only to give the

finishing touch. The actual teaching, however, the explanation of the issues involved, and the setting up of the program of action, have always been the priest's responsibility.

Work Community of Christian Workers is a network of Christian factory cells kept together by steady contact between the leaders and by tasks assigned by the priest in co-operation with the leaders. Since each cell is supposed to be the center of Christian fermentation in its respective plant or business, its members must always be prepared to bring forward a Christian solution to everyday problems.

As the network grew, more trained leaders were needed. Special courses were inaugurated in Munich which soon developed into a regular night school for labor leaders. Its curriculum includes such subjects as labor law, Christian theory and practice in business and industry, social security, and public speaking. Correspondence courses are offered for those who live in small communities or in the country. Similar schools are planned in other towns of southern Germany.

Work Community of Christian Workers is also a school of democracy. Starting from the Christian tenet of respect for the human person, it trains the workers to respect one another's views and to accept the verdict of the majority.

LET us look at some practical results of Work Community's activity.

The ball-bearing industry in Schweinfurt was the first place in the whole of West Germany where striking workers came to terms with the management and returned *en masse* to work. Schweinfurt used to be an explosive labor center run by Socialists, but after several years of Work Community's strenuous effort the picture changed. Now in the four principal ball-bearing factories, Christian workers have a clear majority in the works councils, forty delegates against thirty-eight Socialists. This made the recent agreement possible which put Schweinfurt in the spotlight as an example of labor-management relations for the whole country.

In the Munich locomotive factory, which used to be a typical Communist stronghold, 3,500 workers were represented in the works councils by ten Communist and eight Socialist delegates. No Christian delegate had ever been elected up to the time when Father Prinz and his pupils came to the plant. Last year only five Communists were elected. The remaining twelve places were divided between Christian and Socialist delegates. Numerous other examples might be quoted.

Starting in 1946 with six men, Work Community of Christian Workers has

expanded to sixteen major industrial cities of southern Germany, from the border of Czecho-Slovakia in the East to the Rhine in the West.

Demoralized and confused labor, however, has not been the sole concern of Father Prinz and his friends. With the Nazi collapse, the very structure of society had broken down in Germany. Exhausted by years of struggle and persecution, neither the Catholic Church nor the Protestant bodies had the strength to fill the vacuum. What German Catholic laymen needed most was to crystallize their ideas and to formulate a cohesive program that could be presented to public opinion.

Father Prinz decided to tackle this problem as well. He gathered a group of leading Catholic experts in the political, social, and economic domain and, using again French and Belgian examples as a pattern, founded an intellectual center called "The Catholic Social Week." This brain trust prepared a set of principles to guide German Catholic postwar action in the basic fields of public life. Under the slogan, "Way out of the emergency," the first plenary session of the Catholic Social Week convened in August, 1947, in Munich with Bavarian Minister of Labor, Heinrich Krehle, a close friend of Father Prinz, as chairman. The session discussed and approved the program submitted by Father Prinz's brain trust.

In striking contrast to worship of the masses and contempt for the individual, which had characterized the philosophy of Nazi Germany, the Catholic Social Week put itself on record as advocating a system under which the human person would be the center of society and the family its basic cell. The program emphasized also the duties of Christian society toward the working man: its obligation to assure him adequate wages, protect him against exploitation, and find ways to secure for him, in addition to regular wages, participation in the profit of the enterprise. "Work is not a commodity but a value produced by human beings" stressed the Catholic Social Week in its statement of principles.

THE program declared in favor of a German economy based on free enterprise, but controlled by a Christian sense of responsibility toward the community and tending toward the widest possible distribution of wealth.

It is interesting to note that what the Catholic Social Week had suggested for Germany in 1947 has now become the policy of the Adenauer Government. The Munich group advised German Catholics to strive toward the creation of a wide association of European nations and to work particularly for the establishment of close ties between Ger-

many and France. This is exactly what Chancellor Adenauer is now championing.

The Catholic Social Week has developed into a permanent research and study center engaged in working out Catholic answers to key problems as they arise.

Thus the 1949 session discussed the principal aspects of a future social order for Germany. In 1951, the Catholic Social Week dealt with the problem of the family and adopted the outline of a Christian system of family allowances for workers. Since the matter was then and still is under debate in the Bonn Parliament, the Catholic Social Week submitted its proposal to the Parliament and is pushing its adoption through the Christian Democratic Party.

LAST year's session chose as its topic: Social security through a new regulation of property. Again under the chairmanship of Mr. Krehle—who continues to be Father Prinz's righthand man—the session concluded that the best way to assure large masses of workers a decent living and to give them a sense of participation in the process of production is to grant workers a share in the profit and eventually in the ownership of the enterprise.

Work conducted by the Catholic Social Week enjoys the full blessing of the German hierarchy. At last year's session the Archbishop of Munich, Joseph Cardinal Wendel, personally participated and delivered the keynote address.

Both the Catholic Social Week and the Work Community of Christian Workers are considered by Father Prinz as an indissoluble entity. He thinks that they are in fact two sides of the same coin. The Catholic brain-trust prepares formulae for adoption by the State, while the workers' movement develops the enlightened human community which supports and benefits from the measures.

Several years ago, Father Prinz told this writer that at least fifteen years were necessary to build the groundwork for a modern Christian society in Germany and to wrest enough people from totalitarian-minded or Marxist clutches to constitute a small solid group which might influence wider circles.

And the priest added: "Hitler was not the origin of the whole trouble. He was merely the end-product of inveterate ills rooted in false pagan philosophy and nihilistic psychology which had developed among millions of Germans. As a consequence, the cure lies not in removing just the symptoms of the disease but its very roots and substituting constructive Christian thinking and action."

Eight years have elapsed since the

dynamic priest launched his ambitious program. He can look with satisfaction at the results thus far attained. For, although the German masses are still largely unpredictable, still susceptible to the appeal of materialistic doctrines, Father Prinz has done more than his share to put them on a steady keel. Unknown to the majority of Germans, he may prove to be one of the most influential in turning the chariot of history in the right direction.

In his work, Fr. Prinz must know workers' problems. Here, he talks shop with a worker on auto factory assembly line



Fr. Prinz establishes each cell himself. Work Community has now reached out to sixteen major industrial cities





Romeo, Juliet, *and* Dr. Dominion

Dr. Dominion was in a difficult position. He could not afford to let the young couple leave. Then, in desperation, he began to read poetry to them

LIME Street was a poor relation of a street living off Broadway, and even the gentility of the first snow-fall could not veil the shabbiness of its pawn shops and pool halls and poor cafes. This dismal morning there was, however, one bright spot on the drab street, an oblong frame of lights shining through the falling snow, illumining the sign:

ARE YOU WORRIED?
Come In And Let Me Solve Your Problems
—Dr. Abel Dominion—
Consulting Psychologist

The sign, stretching between two second-story windows, was almost gay with its illuminated gold lettering and blue background. One of a sensitive fancy might have imagined the lights turned on as a challenge to the dreary day and as a hope for the discouraged. The truth was the lights were on only because Dr. Dominion had forgotten to turn them off the night before.

At the moment, the doctor, in a room in back of his office, had none of the obvious appearances of a man who could solve anyone's problem. To begin with, the room was hardly the room of a man of profundity and accomplishment. Two iron cots with rumpled bed clothes stood against two opposite walls. A dilapidated, two-burner gas stove stood against a third wall. On the stove sputtered an ancient coffee pot, and the oven of the stove was open with all the burners burning to serve as a heater for the chill room.

The doctor, a big, corpulent man with thick, graying hair and a florid face, was seated at a wooden kitchen table diligently scratching figures on a paper pad. Across from him, his companion, a tall, long-boned, balding man, worked as diligently on a horoscope.

The doctor finished his computations and, holding up the pad with the figures on it, addressed his companion. "Twenty times twenty-five are five hundred. Right, Professor?"

"Right." The other did not look up from his work.

"Thus and therefore," Dr. Dominion continued, "on a twenty-to-one shot, twenty-five simoleons would fetch us five hundred, minus the usual bite. Now, according

to my ciphering we could fly air coach to California and, allowing a generous amount for the purchase of meat and sundries, arrive in the Earthly Paradise with one hundred and thirty-five left apiece." He put down the paper and pulled his worn, black coat-sweater tightly about him. "A goodly sum. A twice goodly sum. Especially in a land where we could feast on dates and oranges plucked from the trees above. At least until the movies discovered that the greatest Hamlet of them all was in their midst."

"Dates give me the hives," the professor, still busy with the horoscope, said.

The doctor looked out at the steadily falling snow. "Stick to oranges then. Winter is begun. An orange diet is a small price to pay for moving to the eternal summer of Southern California."

The professor finished with the horoscope. "The nag can't lose, Doc. I've checked and rechecked. This is his day." He waved to the horoscope. "According to the planets, Wingmate is the winner in the fourth at Santa Anita. Fast track or slow. At twenty to one." He glanced down at an alarm clock on the floor beside one of the cots. "We've still got plenty of time to get the bet in. I'll wire Uncle Benny in Los Angeles and get the track odds."

"It is written in the stars, as the Immortal Bard would say," Dr. Dominion nodded solemnly, "Wingmate and Santa Anita. Airplane and California. My knowledge of psychology tells me the conjunction of these two sets of ideas can by no manner or means be accidental."

"If we only had the twenty-five bucks," the Professor said gloomily.

"Twenty-five bucks are as good as in the hopper," the doctor said. "I feel them in my intuition."

The professor looked out at the falling snow and bleakly shook his head. "Nobody's going to be out and around looking for psychology in weather like this. Maybe we should go out and dig up a little poker. How does your intuition feel about that?"

A little bell tinkled, announcing the door to the office had been opened.

By Myles Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY S. HARTMAN

Dr. Dominion and his companion stared at each other for a startled moment.

"You see," Dr. Dominion whispered hoarsely. "It is written in the stars."

Dr. Dominion jumped to his feet. He grabbed a white professional coat from a hook on the wall. He put the coat on and quickly brushed back his hair. He took out a pair of gold pince-nez from the upper pocket of his coat and carefully set them a little distance down on his nose.

"Twenty-five bucks," he murmured. "I can hear them rustling already."

He drew himself up erectly and walked with great dignity toward the door that opened into the office.

A young man and a young woman stood uncertainly in the office. They were looking over the office, bare except for a desk and two chairs. Dr. Dominion advanced toward them. His visage was solemn, his carriage lordly.

"Won't you sit down, please?" He waved grandly to two scuffed wooden chairs before a battered desk. "The office is a little primitive, I know, but it is so with a purpose. I find the primitive less distracting for troubled souls."

He sat down importantly behind the desk, lowering his pince-nez as he did so and squinting sharply at the young couple seating themselves.

"We hope we're not bothering you," the young man said uneasily.

"Bother is my business," Dr. Dominion said sonorously, replacing his pince-nez and leaning back with his

most solemn professional air. "Unburden your worries, my friends. The profound resources—" He gestured up to an elaborately framed certificate from a correspondence school on the wall behind him. "—of modern psychology are humbly at your service."

THE young man looked at the young woman. She looked away. They were both personable, with grave, sensitive faces.

"Let us begin at the beginning," Dr. Dominion said. "Are you married?"

"Yes, and that's why we're here," the young man replied. "We're going to get a divorce. We thought before we made the step we ought to talk it over with somebody. Just to be sure."

"You are wise indeed," Dr. Dominion nodded his approbation. "What seems to be the trouble? Money?"

The young man shook his head. "No. Money isn't any great problem with us. No. It isn't that."

"Good," Dr. Dominion immediately warmed up. "Very good. Money can be a very great problem to one, especially when one doesn't have any." He put his fingertips together. "Relatives, is it? A mother-in-law, perhaps?"

"No. No, Doctor. It's—" The young man hesitated. "I guess you could call it indifference. We're bored with each other."

The young woman glanced dully out the window at the falling snow. "We don't love each other any more," she said. "There's no reason for going on."

"Ah! I see." Dr. Dominion was very grave. "The spark is gone. The flame is extinguished. Have you tried to reheat the fire, revive the flame?"

"We've tried everything," the young man answered flatly. "We've tried pretending we were just married. We've tried pretending we were in love again. We've tried to recapture our first feelings, but everything we tried left us as indifferent as we had been before."

Dr. Dominion nodded slowly with an air of great understanding. "It is very serious. You have given up hope, I take it?"

The girl shrugged listlessly. "For some time."

"Ah, that is bad. Very bad," Dr. Dominion said gravely. "Remember what the Immortal Bard said?" He declaimed the lines. "'True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings; Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.'"

The girl was obviously bored. "I'm afraid that has nothing to do with us." She got to her feet. "I don't think you're going to be able to help us."

Dr. Dominion was immediately alarmed. "Please. Please don't go. I am only in the preliminary stages of diagnosis. Sit down, won't you?"

He waved to the chair. The girl reluctantly sat down again.

Dr. Dominion leaned forward on the desk, trying to give every indication of a man who had the problem well in hand. "How long have you been married?"



He shouted down the long, narrow staircase, "William! Josephine!"

"Three years," the young man answered.

"Three years," Dr. Dominion nodded slowly and repeated the words as if they had some very special significance. "Three years. Ah! It is the critical time. It is the time when the bud will blossom or it will die."

The girl and the young man exchanged looks that clearly suggested that they should get up and leave.

Dr. Dominion saw the looks and read their significance. He got quickly, theatrically to his feet. "Ah, yes," he said. "Three years." He paced importantly away from the desk and back to it. When he spoke again, he spoke softly with rhythmic gestures. "I am going to tell you the story of two old and dear friends. I think it will be of interest to you, and it may possibly be of help. Do you mind?"

The young couple did not appear interested but they said nothing.

Dr. Dominion went on sonorously, "My friends were young and engaging like you, and like you they had come to the critical hour. The shadow, the cold shadow of indifference had fallen between them. They had reached the parting of the ways."

Dr. Dominion gazed pensively out at the falling snow. "It was on such a day, wintry and cold and snowing, on such a day many years ago they sat down at last and faced the decision. The third year of their marriage had just ended. It was the third anniversary of their nuptial day."

The young man and woman looked quickly at each other.

"It is our third anniversary," the young man said.

"Applying my knowledge of psychology, I had surmised as much," Dr. Dominion said with an attempt at an easy air of omniscience. "I knew from the solemnity of your carriage and your countenance it was an important day." He sighed. "Ah, yes. Three years. My dear friends had, like you, come to the day and the hour. They sat down in the parlor of their modest home to divide up their possessions, the paraphernalia of their first years of happiness."

Dr. Dominion resumed his seat behind the desk. "At first, it was easy," he went on in a low voice. "The kitchen utensils, the rugs, the furniture in general, all went to the girl, and that is as it should have been. Then they came to the little piano. That was not so easy. Not that he wanted the piano, but it brought back memories of their happy hours, hours when she had played and good fellows had got together and had sung and made merry around it. They remembered the night of the day

they had made the last payment on the piano and how they had celebrated with a bottle of burgundy and mutton chops. They remembered and it was hard for them to forget."

Dr. Dominion again gazed out at the steadily falling snow, and when he spoke again, it was with a little break in his voice. "Ah, no. It was not so easy as they had thought. The memories of their struggles and their woes and their joys and their triumphs came back with each object.

"There was the little, faded, silver-plated cup they had won together in the mixed men's and women's three-legged race at the Oriole Club's beach picnic. That was difficult, and it tugged at their hearts. She bravely gave the cup to him. Then there was the gilt-framed picture of Niagara Falls they had brought back with them from their honeymoon. He willingly conceded it to her. There was the old music box. As he put it with her pile of possessions, it began to play an old-fashioned lullaby. They let it play and listened to it through, and at the end there were tears in their eyes."

Dr. Dominion's own eyes had a mist in them as he looked across the table at the young couple, now an intent audience. "Do you have any children, if you don't mind my asking?"

THEY did not answer for a moment, and when the girl spoke, her voice was low. "We wanted to have children."

"Ah! So did they. So did these dear friends of mine," Dr. Dominion went on. "You can see them sitting there that snowy afternoon listening to the music box play the old-fashioned lullaby and looking for the smile of the baby that might have been, a smile that might have reflected the richness of her lips or the deep blue of his eyes. Yes, it was very difficult, the music box. Next year that baby might have come, or the year after, but now they knew it would never come, it was unborn forever." He drew a single finger very slowly across both of his eyes. "No. It was not easy."

"There was the old cuckoo clock that she had bought out of their first savings. They called the little wooden bird in the clock 'Joe' and talked to him as if he were a dog or a cat or a member of the household. He insisted she have the clock. When he placed it with her possessions, he had the feeling he was saying the last good-by to an old friend.

"Then there was the picture album with the picture of her as a baby and the studio photograph of him when he first played Hamlet with Ye Players Shakespearean Repertory Company and all the snapshots of their wedding and their honeymoon, and holidays, especially their trips to Coney Island."

Dr. Dominion again studied the young couple. "Do you have a picture album?"

There was a slight pause. Then the girl said quietly, "Yes, doctor, we have three of them."

"The third isn't quite full," the young man said with an obvious attempt to be matter-of-fact.

Dr. Dominion sighed. "Ah, what a lot of memories you are going to have to divide up and put away, a whole harvest of memories."

The girl dropped her eyes. "We won't even look at them," she said.

"My friends looked at theirs," Dr. Dominion said, "and it proved extremely difficult, and they had only one book of memories and you have three." He watched the couple out of the corner of his eye. Had they moved their chairs a little more closely together? No. No, they had only turned their bodies in their chairs a little toward each other. "Yes, three books of memories, happy memories, could be quite a problem."

The young man turned to the girl. "You are going to have the albums, Josephine."

"Oh no, dear," she answered with a

The sign was the only bright spot on the long, drab street



show of emotion. "I couldn't bear to have them around. I couldn't bear to look into them. You know how sentimental I can get over some of those snapshots, William."

"I couldn't look at them, either," he said. "Perhaps we should burn them."

"Burn them!" She was suddenly upset. "We could never do that! You know that, William, just as well as I do."

"Yes, I guess you're right, Josephine," he said quietly. "I know I could never burn them."

DR. Dominion gazed out again at the falling snow. "Yes, albums can be very difficult," he said. "My friends found that out." He sighed a great sigh. "But they kept bravely on, dividing up their possessions, and it grew ever more and more disturbing as they went on. But at last the job was done, all but for one object, a book. It was no ordinary book. I mean it was no ordinary book to them."

Dr. Dominion nodded solemnly. "No, it was no ordinary book to them," he repeated. "It was the first gift he had given her. It was a book he used to read aloud from when they were courting. It was the beautiful and tragic story of Montague's son and Capulet's daughter, the Immortal Bard's *Romeo and Juliet*. Now with the book they had come to the most difficult obstacle of all. The book was hers, but she wanted him to have it. He would not think of it, he said. The book had become a part of her, he told her. While they hesitated, he opened the book and began to read from it as he had done in the days of his love."

Dr. Dominion's manner changed as if he were withdrawing himself to a distance. He looked hazily out at the falling snow and began to recite from the play. His voice was quiet, even. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound," he quoted the opening lines of the orchard scene. "But soft! What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!"

Dr. Dominion got to his feet and paced the floor with measured steps while he recited the whole orchard scene, giving both Romeo's and Juliet's parts. The poetry chimed softly through the bare and dim emptiness of the office.

The young man and the young woman listened and fell under the poet's spell, a spell that the florid and pompous Dr. Dominion was also under for the moment. Their eyes were glowing softly when Dr. Dominion came to Romeo's last speech: "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in the breast! Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!"

The silence after the last words was deep and reverent. Dr. Dominion was careful not to disturb the silence. He

sat down behind the desk and began daubing at his eyes with his handkerchief, the while observing the young couple before him. He noticed they had reached out their hands to each other and were unobtrusively holding them.

Quietly but elaborately, Dr. Dominion pulled out the top drawer of his desk and took out a worn book. He held it up for the pair to see.

"This is the book," he said slowly for full effect. "This is the *Romeo and Juliet*. When, in the end, we came to this, the last object of all, we could go no further. We knew then in our three years we had created something we could not divide, something like a child. We could destroy it, for it had a life of its own, but we could not divide it. We looked into each other's eyes and we knew the happiness we once had known should be given another chance."

The young man and woman, their eyes more aglow now, stared at him. The girl was the first to speak. "You mean, doctor, the story you told was about you, about you and your wife?" Her voice was hushed with a sort of awe.

Dr. Dominion looked off toward the window again and the falling snow,

• There are obviously two educations. One should teach us how to make a living and the other how to live.—James Truslow Adams

and his gaze was again hazy as if he were looking down a long vista of years. "It was thirty years ago," he said distantly, his eyes not leaving the window. "thirty years since we reached that critical day and that critical hour. We have lived in peace and joy ever since."

The young couple got slowly to their feet. They looked deeply into each other's eyes for a moment, then turned to Dr. Dominion.

"You have been wonderful, doctor," the girl said. "You have made us feel very foolish."

"We are going to try again, doctor," the young man said. "It could be we were making a mistake."

Dr. Dominion got ponderously to his feet. "Bless you, my children," he intoned sonorously. "Bless you."

The couple did not move. Both were looking down on the book on the desk.

Finally the girl spoke. Her voice was low, diffident. "I know you would never sell it, doctor," she said, "no matter how much we offered you for it, but do you suppose we could ever borrow your precious book for a few days, for a

week, perhaps? It would be a great reminder for us."

"It would be an inspiration, doctor," the young man said.

Dr. Dominion picked up the worn book. Grandly bowing, he gave the book to the girl. "Josephine, I give the book to you for always," he said with his noblest air. "May it ever be to you a memento of the enduring happiness of married love."

The girl took the book gently and held it close to her. "I'll never be able to thank you, doctor," she said in a voice that was almost a whisper.

Then the young man put his arm in hers and thus closely together, their eyes mistily glowing, they turned and, without another word, left the office.

Dr. Dominion watched the door close slowly behind them and then sat down behind his desk. He took up his handkerchief and rubbed his eyes and loudly blew his nose.

The professor, having heard the tinkling bell that announced the use of the office door, came carefully out from the back room. He was dressed for the street in a shiny, green, gabardine top coat and a green, felt hat.

"Did you get twenty-five?" he asked hopefully.

Dr. Dominion was unaware of him. He daubed again at his eyes. The professor, his small head at the top of his long body looking very small under his hat, stopped before the desk and looked worriedly down at him.

"A sad case, huh, Doc?" The professor raised his voice. "What'd you collect?"

At the word "collect" Dr. Dominion came abruptly back to reality. He jumped to his feet and rushed to the door. He flung open the door and shouted down the long narrow staircase, "William! Josephine!"

THERE was silence. Dr. Dominion slowly closed the door and turned back to the desk.

"Gone. I forgot to charge them," he said limply. "I got carried away with myself."

"Well, that don't buy a ride on Wingmate at Santa Anita," the professor, disgusted, said acridly. "I guess I better go on out and see if I can't dig up a card game."

The professor turned up his coat collar and went toward the door.

Dr. Dominion slumped down into his chair behind the desk. "Professor," he called out in a voice that came from the depths, "if you happen to pass a second-hand book store, pick me up a couple more old copies of *Romeo and Juliet*, will you?"

The professor's only comment was the slamming of the door.

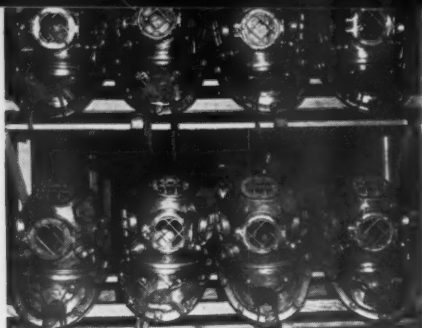
SCHOOL FOR DIVERS

Want to be a deep-sea diver? Be warned
ahead of time that your insurance premiums
will go up as you go down. But here's how the
Navy trains its men to take it

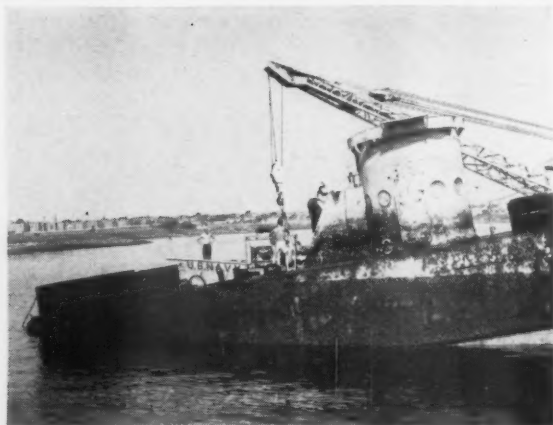
A Sign Picture Story . . .

Three Lions Photos by Al Barry





Undersea helmets, the diver's trade mark, line equipment storeroom at Bayonne school



The most salvaged ship in the world, a battered hulk of an L.S.T., is the ship on which Navy divers take their finals



Navy School for Divers

EVER get a notion that you'd like to be a deep-sea diver? Should that idea ever play on your sense of adventure, be forewarned: the insurance companies don't look too kindly toward it. As you descend into the depths, your premiums will climb to new heights. And with good reason. Here are the dangers as the insurance people—and the Navy, too—see them. Death can result from any of these causes: Terrific water pressure on the ocean floor seriously affects the body's ability to absorb nitrogen. If pressure is relieved too quickly the result is the "bends," which can cause death. When you're down in the murky depths, your life line is the air hose from the surface. This can get tangled. If trouble comes, your life also depends on the alertness of your tender on the surface. A mishap, and—well, somebody else will do the collecting.

In spite of the dangers, the world and the Navy still need men who are willing to go down into the sea in iron helmets. During World War II, for example, divers trained at the U. S. Navy divers' training school in Bayonne, N. J. salvaged around 1,000 ships worth two billion dollars. That kind of work makes danger pay.

If diving might mean almost certain death for someone who doesn't know the trade, the Navy makes sure its men are professionals by the time they leave its Bayonne school. It takes sixteen weeks of rigorous training before the men get their diplomas. Their final test is raising the most salvaged ship in the world, an old hulk of an L. S. T. which has been sunk and refloated more times than anyone can remember. And the Navy divers do it every time.



Down into the sea goes a student diver on practice job. This is the point at which insurance rates start soaring

Diver needs help of tender in donning 192-pound suit. On the tender, too, depends diver's life

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Beneath the surface lies danger and a job to be done. Here, a Navy student diver carries out an underwater welding as-

signment. During World War II, divers trained at Bayonne salvaged more than 1,000 ships worth two billion dollars

THE most exciting TV story of the moment has to do with Trans-Atlantic TV, which we'll probably have within a year, or less, via underwater coaxial cable.

Trans-Atlantic TV has been considered a sure-thing in engineering circles from the beginning, and only the means by which it could be accomplished had to be decided. Apparently, underwater coaxial cable seems most practical for the present. This is a heavily protected cable to be laid on the floor of the ocean to carry lines for sending and receiving TV pictures as well as extra lines for Trans-Atlantic telephone use.

The actual link between this country and Europe will be between points on the coasts of Newfoundland and Scotland. Other lines from Scotland will connect London and Paris, making them the principal European points of origin. Since sixteen European countries are already connected by Eurovision, the rest is comparatively easy. A line from Newfoundland will be run either to New York or Boston, from which all America, Canada, Mexico, and other countries will be fed.

Special programs will be exchanged in the beginning and then regular daily exchanges will be set up until, by about 1960, we in America will be getting programs from Berlin, Paris, Rome, etc., as regularly as we now get them from Chicago and Hollywood!

As I say, Trans-Atlantic TV has been discussed as a reality in top engineering circles for some time but those of us at the press level, at least, didn't realize how very close it is until a recent meeting of industry experts in a New York hotel. The meeting, in which the general plans were laid, was held secretly but a leak developed and confirmation was then officially given.

The Vagabond Returns

Rudy Vallee, one of the greatest names in the history of broadcasting, is back in radio on a regular basis, having succeeded Edgar Bergen as host and moderator of the latter's CBS Sunday series, 9 to 10 P.M. E.S.T.

Bergen, star of the program since its inception last October, left to concentrate on TV plans for the fall, at which time he expects to introduce several new comedy characters and at least two important switches in his established format. Since Vallee is taking over Bergen's original series in this way, you might run across some emotion-charged stories recalling how he gave Bergen his start on radio, etc., etc. It's true, of course, that Bergen's springboard to his current position as a national favorite was Rudy's old *Fleischman Yeast Hour*, of happy memory, but the fact is the

Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER



Rudy Vallee, whose famous radio hour was a perfect showcase for future stars, has made a long-delayed return to broadcasting

crooner didn't really do the ventriloquist any great favor in presenting him. Bergen was the toast of New York at the time, headlining the bill at the swank Rainbow Room. He was merely offered to Rudy by interested agents as another good act and that was that.

Even so, Vallee's great radio hour was a perfect showcase with the weekly attention of millions of people, so he deserves some credit. The fact is, too,

that Rudy did introduce many performers—deliberately—who became great stars afterwards.

Rudy, himself, always remained one of the greatest of the great until he chose to have it otherwise. Rich and famous, he deliberately stepped down in the early 40's, shortly after the death of John Barrymore, whom he starred on his last radio series. He kept his hand in with occasional guest appearances, character parts in pictures, and scattered night-club appearances and not much else.

Always, and everywhere, though, he continued to be one of the most misunderstood men in show business, although none will deny he's one of the shrewdest showmen of all.

In his new series, Vallee conducts a sort of commentary on the entertainment world, past, present, and future, from a sort of a rocking-chair viewpoint, or, at least, the viewpoint of an interested, authoritative, and still very active spectator. If it succeeds, the erstwhile "Vagabond Lover," now fifty-four but still trim, vigorous, and handsome, will take it to TV.

Bitter Fight Looms

The battle lines have been drawn in the issue of pay-as-you-see TV and the fighting, which promises to be the fiercest the industry has yet seen, even outstripping the battle over color, is just beginning.

On the side of pay-as-you-see, subscription, or coin-in-the-slot TV, are many of Hollywood's top producers, including Sam Goldwyn and Cecil B. DeMille; some of the top men in boxing, including National Boxing Association Commissioner Abe Green, and baseball's Branch Rickey and Walter O'Malley among many, many others of similar power and influence.

These men contend pay-as-you-see TV "will greatly expand the employment horizons of writers, composers, actors, directors, musicians, singers" and every other type of creative talent. Their attitude, generally, is that those who oppose pay-as-you-see "create nothing and live on the creativity of others," a group that is trying "for its own selfish benefit to limit the creative potential of all stages and film producers by permitting no outlet but movie theaters."

As strongly, almost fanatically, against pay-as-you-see TV are thousands of theater-owners and exhibitors all over America, as well as the TV networks and stations. The latter are more or less unofficially led by RCA-NBC's Gen. David Sarnoff, a very big man in TV and a super-tough opponent.

This group contends pay-as-you-see TV "would set the stage for a giant

grab of the public domain (free air) which could lead to a \$10 billion-a-year combine tying Hollywood, Broadway, sports and TV together in a powerful monopoly." It further contends pay-as-you-see is "an ingenious scheme insidiously conceived and cleverly promoted" eventually to control "everything that goes out over the air," and that it will destroy free competition in the entertainment and communications fields, injuring a large bloc of the free economy of the nation.

Each side, by the way, has tremendous power and influence and all but unlimited money going for it. Whether more public benefit lies with one or the other is yet to be decided.

The Federal Communications Commission, which is supposed to sit in judgment in the matter, has considered it too political and, therefore, too hot to handle in the past, but the time has come when it must act and forget the dodging, side-stepping, and buck-passing. Recently, the Commission turned down a bid of Zenith Radio, one of the powers fighting for pay-as-you-see TV, to have it approved immediately. Instead, an open hearing was set for "all interested parties" for May 9 in Washington.

More alignment of support and maneuvering will take place between now and that date, of course, and then the fighting will begin in earnest and break out into the open for all to see. I only hope the American public won't rush—or be rushed—into pay-as-you-see TV as it was into color—before color was ready. I sincerely hope—and I don't mean to take sides yet—that we can wait on subscription TV and wait a long time, at least not attempt to resolve

anything in the heat and hysteria of the bitter fight that's bound to come.

Meanwhile, Radio

While television thus twists and struggles its way upward, radio continues to grow and prosper and, in fact, to outstrip TV in every numerical way. Radio's penetration is still far, far beyond television's, although it has a great distance to go, too.

As a case in point—and I hope you'll enjoy this as I did—a well-known editor recently located a man "who had never heard a radio." The editor stopped his car high in the Sonora Mountain region of Mexico, "left the radio on, got out, and asked an Indian for a cup of coffee. When he served me, he asked if the 'musicians in the car' would like a cup, too. You can imagine his astonishment when I showed him there were none."

I wonder what that Indian would have thought if the car radio had been tuned to Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, or Arthur Godfrey! But why start trouble high in the Sonora Mountain region of Mexico, one of the most beautiful of all the garden spots of the world?

Hey, Kids!

The Mutual Broadcasting System is currently behind one of the cleverest promotions I've run across in some time. It guarantees that every—or nearly every—starry-eyed youngster who ever dreamed of owning a bit of land in the storied and gold-rich Yukon Territory now can have that dream come true. For details, all he has to do is listen to Mutual's *Sgt. Preston of the Yukon*, which is heard at various times during the week, and follow directions.

The network and the series' sponsor have bought 20,000,000 square-inch tracts of land on the Yukon River just south of Dawson, Canada, right in the

heart of the fabulous Yukon Territory. Boxtops from the sponsor's products are all that are necessary to get a deed to one of these tracts!

To make the tracts even more interesting and desirable, if possible, to adventure-seeking young Americans, they comprise part of the vast and historic area serving as a stage for "Sgt. Preston's" regular broadcasts, the same area to which the famous Mountie, accompanied by his husky dog, "Yukon King," brings law and order.

Cute idea? I think so.

Radio Free Europe

No doubt you've been hearing a lot about Radio Free Europe these days, and you may have wondered what it's all about. Well, the concentration on this network by radio and TV in this country tied in with RFE's annual *Crusade For Freedom* campaign, which hits a high point in February each year although RFE crusades for freedom from Red oppression and domination all year long.

RFE is operated by private citizens—millions of Americans through the Free Europe Committee, Inc.—and has twenty-nine secret transmitters set up in Europe to pump news, music, and truth into Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, and Bulgaria, the five Iron Curtain countries, twenty-four hours a day. Each country is reached in its own language and through some of its prominent sons and daughters who have managed to escape.

RFE concentrates on newscasts, news commentaries, and interpretations, of course, in order to refute Red propaganda. Otherwise, its programs are about



HOOR CONDUCTOR—Donald Voorhees smiles as he contemplates many years ahead for "Telephone Hour," marking its 15th anniversary this month



ON THE SPOT—Commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., who recently completed a 20,000-mile tour of Far East in preparation for TV debut, with Chinese boy and girl scouts in Formosa



SAVED BY JOHN Q.—"Father Knows Best," with Robert Young and Jane Wyatt, recently cancelled, was left on TV when public bombarded network with protests

the same as most American stations and networks, with soap operas, dramas, musical hours, and variety sessions. While all programs are primarily planned for entertainment—news and commentaries excepted—they also serve the double purpose of furthering the Free World's plan of continuing psychological warfare.

The selection of musical material, for example, is designed to strengthen established ties between the West and the captive countries; to sustain national heritages of music and so help stem the Soviet plan to Russify all cultures; to acquaint listeners with new trends in Western music not reported in Red circles; to demonstrate the intellectual freedom offered musicians in the West, and to sustain the hope and lift the spirits of peoples oppressed by the Red regime.

The RFE is apparently very successful at this, since it seems to be feared by the Reds more than any other Western radio station or network. This fear is attested to in many official protests, vain attempts to "jam" RFE's broadcasts, the statements of escapees, and the texts of letters from behind the Iron Curtain.

In Brief

The "spectacular" is very much a part of NBC-TV's plans for the future and the web is even now blueprinting its "spectacular" schedule for the coming 1955-56 season. . . . Latin American TV interests are conferring in Mexico City to form a Latin-American TV network, extending from the tip to the top of South America. . . . The *Superman* scripts won't allow the outer-space hero to walk through walls any more. Too many youngsters try to imitate their boy and wind up with bloody noses. Honest. . . . Mickey Walker, who recently moved back to New York from Los Angeles, is anxious to do a TV series either on sports or art. The former welter and middleweight boxing champ took up art when he retired from the ring, as you no doubt remember. . . . Bob Hope is serious about taking things easier during the coming year. He was really shaken by the recent death of his close friend and associate, Charlie Yates. Those close to Hope insist Yates' death made him realize he, himself, has been going too fast for too long and must slow down. . . . *Dr. Fu Manchu* will come to TV soon and author Sax Rohmer is now working on the scripts. . . . U. S. Steel wants Lily Pons for a musical summer series. . . . Just for the record: There are now 100,013 TV sets in Japan.

Eve Arden is breeding rabbits on her



COMIC IN REVERSE—Eddie Cantor, one of first comics to insist on studio audience in radio, is now leading trend toward film among comics in television



LAW-MAN—CBS and ABC gave hour-long salutes to the "Lone Ranger" and his horse, "Silver," when they celebrated their 22nd anniversary on radio and TV



AMERICAN WAY—Horace Heidt, veteran emcee and orchestra leader, to whom the "American Way" has always meant giving new talent an opportunity

valley farm in Southern California these days. . . . TV rights to *Grand Hotel* have been secured. . . . Sid Caesar has formed the Flo Music Company to publish his own compositions as well as those of others. . . . Groucho Marx and his sponsor aren't seeing eye-to-eye these days. Groucho doesn't want a middle commercial and the sponsor insists on one. Deadlock. . . . The *Davey Crockett* films seen on the *Disneyland* series will be spliced together to make a feature-length movie for theater exhibition in answer to public response, which has been terrific. . . . Garry Moore wants to return to dramatic acting in which he got his show business start (with F. Scott Fitzgerald) and has given his agents the green light to look for suitable TV vehicles. Maybe he got the urge watching Jackie Gleason on two of his last dramatic outings. . . . The Theatre Guild has a new whodunnit series titled *The Devil's Playhouse* up its sleeve. Gore Vidal is scripting. . . . Robert E. Sherwood has been released from his NBC-TV writing contract, at his own request, and will return to writing for the screen. His first assignment will be for Mike Todd.

Margaret O'Brien is talking a TV series with CBS brass. . . . In case you wondered, sound effects experts still haven't been able to produce realistic gunshot sounds on TV, and after all these years. The bang, the pop, and the whirring whine is now considered the closest thing to reality but it's still not satisfactory. . . . Old movies are expected to gross more than \$20,000,000 from TV showings during 1955. . . . TV repair men all over the country have been having fits ever since *Dragnet* did that exposé on the unsavory characters among them. Lots of square-shooters have been hurt, too, and isn't that always the way? . . . All baseball schedules are now complete and it's official as you read this that only the New York Yankees, the Giants, the Dodgers, and the Chicago Cubs will permit telecasting of their full home-game schedules. All other clubs are having attendance troubles and are more afraid of TV than ever. . . .

Paul Kelly and Agnes Moorehead will co-star in a TV series titled *Hildegard Withers*, based on the Stuart Palmer stories. . . . Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are disappointed with their filmed comedy series and will return to "live" TV. The team insists comics are at their best when working "live" before a "live" audience. This is news? . . . Sports caster Harry Wismer has contracted to write a series of sports books for Doubleday.

THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Unapproved Prayers

Have been saying enclosed prayer for many years. Is it approved? Is there any indulgence attached to its recitation?—K. M., BAY PINES, FLA.

First of all—a word as to the Church's policy in insisting upon official censorship and approval for all published material bearing upon faith, morals, worship, and religious history.

The reason for the Church's existence, for her efficient organization and vigilant function, is that we wayfarers of the Church Militant be not misled on the way to the Church Triumphant. Men of good will go astray because of ignorance or erroneous information. Their hearts simply follow the faulty guidance of their minds. An uninformed or misinformed conscience is a dreadful handicap to one who is destined for heaven. Whatever is spoken or written along religious lines is helpful or harmful propaganda. Even a tyro in the advertising business realizes that.

Hence, Canon Law 1385 prescribes for the competent censorship and official approval of all books, whether translated or in the original—of pamphlets, and even leaflets, as well as prayers and religious pictures. Any propaganda in conflict with the Ten Commandments is forbidden to Jew and Christian alike, by divine law. For Catholics, the norm is: Beware of any religious reading matter, published without any indication of "ecclesiastical approval." Catholic publishers and printers should observe the same norm.

As for enclosed prayer, it boasts no sign of approval. It would be farfetched to presume that any indulgence is attached to its recitation. It has the earmarks of a rather crude translation into English; from the viewpoint of language, at least, it is inaccurate. If it be thoroughly sound in its sentiments, the soundness is not clear. In the dozens of popular prayerbooks approved for Catholics, you will find an ample variety of prayers directed to the Blessed Sacrament, as well as prayers for emergency circumstances, such as "before an operation." As requested on the leaflet, pray for the author, for he or she seems to have "a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." (Romans 10:2)

Bishop's Visit

Please explain the purpose of the periodic visits made to Rome by our bishops.—L. O., WILKES-BARRE, PA.

All Catholic bishops throughout the world are obliged by Church Law, every five years, to visit the tombs of the Apostles Peter and Paul, to confer with the Vicar of Christ, and to submit to His Holiness a written report of the Church in their respective dioceses. This visit is called the "ad limina," a Latin expression, meaning "to the threshold of the Apostles." Over the five-year period, the bishop conducts an official visit of his entire diocese, preparatory to the report to the Supreme Pontiff.

Reckoning from January 1, 1911, the visits of the Successors of the Apostles are divided as follows: during the first year, the bishops of Italy, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, and Malta; dur-

ing the second year, the diocesan shepherds of Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Holland, England, Scotland, and Ireland; during the third, those of all other European countries and adjacent islands; the fourth, the bishops of all the Americas; during the final year of the five-year cycle, those of Africa, Asia, and Australia. To those bishops who reside beyond the confines of Europe, it is permitted to make this official pilgrimage every ten years, if that arrangement be deemed advisable.

Church of England

How did the Episcopalian creed come about? Please recommend a reliable book on Martin Luther.—A. G., PITTSBURGH, PA.



Episcopalianism is the American brand of Anglicanism. You are correct in tracing the origin of the Church of England to Henry VIII and Elizabeth I. This Anglican Church cannot be classified as a branch of the Roman Catholic Church, for the simple reason that the very purpose of its organization was to cut itself off from Rome—always and everywhere acknowledged as the "center of unity." Anglicanism became not only the official religion of England: its very government was usurped by the Crown. Fundamentals of faith, morals, and worship were discarded according to the caprice of Henry, Elizabeth, and renegade churchmen. Depending upon their conservative or so-called liberal policies, Episcopalians are "high church" or "low church." In this country, we often see a fusion of Methodist and Episcopalian churches. The Episcopalian Church is so named because it is governed by bishops. Methodism was originated by one John Wesley and was an attempt to improve the Anglicanism of his day.

In the libraries of Pittsburgh, you should encounter no difficulty in consulting the biographies of Martin Luther by Grisar, S. J., and by Denifle, O. P. Before his own mutiny against the Vicar of Christ, Henry VIII was honored by the Holy See with the title "Defender of the Faith," because of his condemnation and refutation of Martin Luther. It was only when the Church refused to sanction his unbridled immorality that he lapsed into schism by defiant disobedience. Since Christian morality is based upon Christian faith, his next and final stratagem was to jettison the faith. Thus, the wholesale heresy of Henry and Elizabeth originated the Church of England.

No Apology

In our parish, a study club given over to an apology for the Faith is being organized. Why apologize for the Faith?—M. J., CHICAGO, ILL.

Apparently, you misunderstood the term used when the organization of your study club was announced; at least, you misunderstood the meaning of the term. According to the dictionary, the word "apology" means two things: a) an

expression of regret offered for some failure, fault, or the like; b) a formal defense of a cause or of a doctrine. Only in the latter sense do we speak of an "apology" for the Faith. The usual and more proper term is "apologetics"—the science of the arguments in support of the fact that Christianity and Catholicity are credible. One who engages in the defense of Catholic Christianity is known as an "apologete." There are few, if any, objectives more important than the one to which your parish study club is devoted. Even though all the members are blessed with the Faith, it is urgent that you be "ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh you a *reason* of that hope which is in you." (1 Peter 3:15)

"(Only) the fool hath said in his heart (not with his intellect): There is no God." (Psalm 13:1) In other words, it is a case of wishful thinking on the part of the would-be atheist, who denies the existence of God. To admit that there is a Supreme Being supposes that the rest of us are His creatures and that, therefore, we cannot play neutral toward Him. Since we are rational creatures, we have to be religious-minded, religious-hearted. That means that we have to learn and believe what is true as to the relationship between Him and us, we have to behave morally, we have to worship God becomingly.

The source of the information we believe and of the guidance we rely on is God's Revelation. Divine Providence would have been incredibly improvident had He not revealed to us His expectations as to what we should believe and do. That Revelation He did equip us with, in the shape and form of the Old Testament and the New. For the Old Testament, His mouthpieces were the forerunners of His Son, the God-Man. That "Mediator of God and men," (1 Tim.2:5) the divine-human Hero of the New Testament, brought to a climax the Revelation of the Almighty as to the only true, acceptable, and reliable religion.

Having done so, the Founder of Christianity would have been stupid or negligent had He not delegated His apostles to teach, to rule, and to sanctify posterity; had He not made His Church indestructible. As the only guaranty of an indestructible Church, He simply had to endow it with infallibility. Not to do so would be equivalent to setting a ship adrift, without rudder, chart, or compass. It is safe to say that what Christ should have done providentially, He did do. But, furthermore, we can prove the fact, from historical records, that He did so.

All of which adds up to a mighty important objective for the religious specialty known as apologetics. When we have proven the existence of God and our dependence upon Him, when we have proven the divinity of Christ and the reliability of His Revelation, when we have established Roman Catholic Christianity as the indestructible and infallible Church of Christ, we cease to be wanderers on the face of the earth and become wayfarers with a destination—men, women, and children of destiny. We believe, and behave, and worship as we do because of the reliability of Christ. The ingredients of His reliability are His knowledge without limit and His flawless veracity. We do not believe blindly; we insist that our beliefs be buttressed with credibility. Only a fool would believe what is not credible.

Peace & Good Will

Have read with interest "Inside Monastery Walls," (The SIGN, Feb. 1955) which closes with these words: "Here the veterans feel a pang of envy as they watch the novices come in for the first time. Here, most of all, there is true peace." May I respectfully ask why John Tettemer neither felt the one nor found the other?—J. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

John Tettemer, who died a few years ago, became renegade to his religious community, to the priesthood, and to the

Church; he severed his identity with all three and married. However, he persevered long enough in his vocation to become a veteran, and we may say without danger of contradiction that he was normal enough for many years to "envy" the new recruits—in the sense that the older may "envy" the young their eager and all but tireless energy.

As for peace, it is in ratio to good will. The contemporaries of John Tettemer will vouch—up to a certain turning point in his career—for his good will; he himself has written sadly of his earlier years of profound peace. The grace of God impels us to good will—it does not compel us. He is neither the first nor the last to secede from a religious community, or the priesthood, or the Church. The first was Judas, who became restive at what he considered the endless delay in the triumph of his Master. Even Peter was no model of fidelity, but he made up for his lapse by a repentance attested to by martyrdom. All of which adds up to this: that the peace promised to and enjoyed by men of good will cannot be gainsaid by the deterioration of malcontents here and there, now and then.

Mass Vestments

Please explain the significance of the vestments worn by the priest at Mass.—M. F., BOSTON, MASS.



Seven in number, the vestments worn by the priest at a low or high Mass are as follows: the amice, alb, cincture, maniple, stole, chasuble, and biretta. Broadly speaking, the vestments used at the present day for religious services are a carryover from the civilian garb in vogue during the first days of the "Church underground." The prayer recited by the priest as he dons each vestment is the best keynote as to the significance or symbolism which is attached to the vestment by the Church.

The amice is a white linen cloth, rectangular in shape, and is worn about the neck and shoulders somewhat after the manner of a scarf. It is tied securely by two long tapes. Before the biretta or cap came into use, it was drawn over the head on the way to and from the altar, as a hood. It is still the custom of those priests who are monks or friars to drape the amice according to the shape of their cowls. This vestment serves the practical purpose of protecting the outer vestments from perspiration. The accompanying prayer: "Place on my head, O Lord, the helmet of salvation, that I may overcome the attacks of Satan."

The alb corresponds to the long undertunic, worn from neck to ankles by the men of ancient Rome and Greece. The alb is made of linen. The vesting prayer: "Purify me, O Lord, from all stain and cleanse my heart that, washed in the Blood of the Lamb, I may enjoy eternal delights."

The cincture, made of linen, wool, or silk, is tasseled at the ends and is used to gather about the waist the folds of the alb. It may be of the same color as the vestments, but is usually white. The prayer: "Gird me, O Lord, with the cincture of purity and extinguish in me all concupiscence that the virtue of continence and chastity may remain in me."

Today's maniple, worn on the left forearm, is derived from a more or less ornamental handkerchief which, in ancient days, was carried in the left hand. The maniple, as well as the other outer vestments, varies in color from day to day, depending on the type of feast day observed. These vestments should be made of silk or of other precious material. The maniple prayer is as follows: "Let me merit, O Lord, to bear the maniple of tears and sorrow, so that one day I may come with joy into the reward of my labors."

The stole is the narrow, long band worn around the neck and over the shoulders. Its origin is somewhat uncertain,

but in all probability it is a likeness of the stole worn by ancient officials as symbolic of their authority. Such is its symbolism today, varying in the case of deacon, priest, bishop, and Pope. The prayer: "Return to me, O Lord, that stole of immortality which was lost to me through my first parents; and though I am unworthy to approach Thy great Mystery, nevertheless, grant me to merit joy eternal."

The chasuble is the outermost vestment worn by the priest at Mass. It resembles the cloak or toga of the old-time Romans. From about the thirteenth century onward, for practical purposes, the chasuble has been shortened and slit at the sides. The chasuble prayer: "O Lord, who hast said, 'My yoke is sweet, My burden light,' grant that I may carry this yoke and burden in such a manner as to obtain Thy grace. Amen."

Although the biretta may and, at times, should be worn at sacred functions other than the Mass, we have included it among the vestments proper to the Mass, because it is worn to and from the altar and during the singing of the *Gloria* and *Credo* at high and solemn high Masses, as well as during the *Dies Irae* at a Mass for the deceased. Centuries ago, the biretta was a soft cap. To facilitate putting it on and taking it off, the present-day biretta has become a stiff, square cap, with three ridges or "wings." In the center of the crown, there is usually a pompon or some other ornamentation.

Appropriate

Apropos of "The Bleeding Tears," (THE SIGN, Feb. 1955) it is stated that human suffering is a consequence of original sin and that, because of Mary's immaculate conception, she was spared the pains of childbirth. How about the rest of her sufferings?—M. S., MILWAUKEE, WIS.



On the face of it, there may seem to be a want of logic, and the facts may seem contradictory. However, when we consider in a balanced way the mission of Christ and His mother as redeemer and co-redeemer of the world, there is no contradiction, no want of logic—not even a mystery.

The God-Man is the natural Son of God. Hence, He was always absolutely sinless. Therefore, by divine right, His human nature was entitled to be exempt from every consequence of sin. He would not have been susceptible to suffering—either physical or psychological—were it not for His unique errand upon earth. In fact, it took a miracle to expose Him to suffering of body and soul. His enjoyment of the beatific vision was sufficiently dimmed that He could suffer in mind and heart. So, too, the immortality of His body was postponed until the resurrection. In other words, in order to atone for us, the guilty, the innocent Christ waived the immunity from suffering to which He was entitled.

The case of His mother resembled His own, although it is not identical. It was by way of privilege that Mary was exempted from original sin and its consequences. Nonetheless, because of that privilege, she was entitled to be immune from all suffering, including the climax of death. It took a miracle of grace to exempt Mary from original sin. Then, because of her immaculate conception, it took another miracle to postpone her immunity from suffering. The reason for that postponement is the fact that Mary is not only the mother of the God-Man but also, with Him, the co-redeemer of the world. Only when His passion and her compassion had been suffered did they begin to enjoy the privileges which were His by divine right and hers by divine privilege.

In the case of both Christ and His mother, their susceptibility to suffering was restricted. Considering their dignity, it would have been incongruous and out of order had they

been defective either physically or mentally. Though it was fitting that Christ's mother endure a co-passion with her Son, by way of her compassion for Him from birth until death, it would have been inappropriate that she suffer pains of childbirth, for that birth—as well as the conception of her only Son—was virginal and miraculous.

No Flaws

a) Eight of us women have lost our mates. We would like to know whether, in the next life, we'll recognize one another. Since the body disintegrates in the grave, do we have another body hereafter?—K. A., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

b) Have we any assurance that we shall see our relatives and friends in heaven? Or are we only to "float around adoring God"? How shall we feel about those dear to us who are lost?

a) From both the Old Testament and the New, it is clear that the Kingdom of God upon earth may be likened to a "proving ground" for heaven. We do not gain or lose heaven as isolated individuals; we do so with the help or despite the help of parents, husbands and wives, priests, and many others. The human body and soul work together for that destiny, as life partners. Hence, it is appropriate that we enjoy heaven in the company of those with whom we have come to be associated providentially. And that implies that we recognize them. The very idea of heaven—of which the original paradise was only an imperfect model—suggests that we shall be normal. But we would not be normal, were we to be bereft of our bodies throughout the endless stretch of eternity. We emphasize these features of heaven as appropriate, because we can count upon God to do whatever is fitting and to keep us happy in a way adapted to human nature.

What has been said above is not merely defensible surmise; it is the teaching of the Catholic Church and echoes God's own revelation. We recommend that you read Catholic literature on the "Communion of Saints" and on the "Mystical Body of Christ," as well as on the subject of heaven. It is stimulating to realize how social and sociable we are destined to be, as "co-heirs with Christ," and that His ascension to heaven—Soul and Body, and His Mother's assumption to heaven—body and soul, are patterns of what is in store for the faithful.

b) On the one hand, it is true that in striving for heaven, we depend upon the help of many others; it is equally true that others can hinder us. But despite help or hindrance, our gaining or losing heaven depends chiefly upon ourselves. No one else can shoulder that responsibility—neither relative, nor priest, nor even God. Hence it can happen that souls in heaven are deprived of the company of relatives or friends. The prospect of such a loss is saddening and would, indeed, detract from the flawless bliss of heaven, were it not for two things. The joy of heaven is so overwhelming and captivating as to admit of no distraction, no regret, no sense of frustration. Then, too, since the souls in heaven will know whatever is required for their peace of mind and heart, they will understand the working out of God's justice toward the saved and the lost.

We must admit that there is much we do not know about heaven; even though we had complete knowledge in advance, that knowledge would be dim compared to the realization which comes from experience. At the same time, knowledge ample enough to kindle enthusiasm is to be found on every page of the Bible. As for details, we need not be uneasy, for the simple reason that God cannot disappoint us. If He could, He would not be God. No normally ambitious child of God should say: "I don't know." Nor should Eleanor Roosevelt say, as she does periodically and publicly: "I don't know and have no way of knowing."



President Reuther at UAW educational conference: "Power without morality is power without purpose"

ORGANIZED labor in this country has come a long distance from the class struggle. As Msgr. George G. Higgins, director of the N.C.W.C. social action department, says: "There isn't an ounce of class struggle in a carload of labor leaders."

The labor movement today instead of fighting employers is fighting for more positive goals. It fights unemployment at home, famine abroad; it fights for health, good housing, security for workers; it seeks better labor relations in which both forward looking employers and the forefront of labor can join.

Labor in this country is also leading in the fight against Communism, but both of its great sections, the C.I.O. and the A.F.L., believe that exposing Communism is not enough, that Communism must be conquered through positive means that include eliminating famine and misery throughout the world, cleaning up the grimy soil in which Communism breeds.

The American Federation of Labor recognized the Communist menace for what it was from the first and from the first fought Communism within and without the ranks of labor. From the early days of the Bolshevik Revolution, the Federation opposed the recognition of Russia by the United States. It refused to join the Red-infiltrated World Federation of Trade Unions and early held the view now generally recognized that "the Communist union was the biggest company union in the world" and that Russian workers had no freedom

as free unions of this country know it.

Through its own investigations, the Federation collected authentic data concerning slave labor camps in Russia and brought these facts to the attention of the United Nations, whose further investigations were the basis of the first documentary book on these camps.

The Federation's work in the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions has done an outstanding job of bringing together the free unions of seventy-three countries. While the C.I.O. has done fine work in this field, it was antedated by the A.F.L., which has also spent more money on behalf of the international free labor movement.

In his warmly applauded speech before the A.F.L. convention in St. Louis in 1953, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles paid the Federation this tribute: He said that they had done more than any other single body to explode the Communist myth by their vigorous opposition to the Communist menace on the foreign front. Mr. Dulles stated that had the Communists gained control of the international labor movement through the W.F.T.U., the United States might well have been overcome by encirclement. "You have done an amazing job," he said. "The chances for peace wouldn't be what they are if you hadn't done the job. Your leaders have been supplementing those of government. Peace is more secure because of your work."

Within the span of a few weeks last spring, several labor conferences took

place which between them summed up the new directions American labor is taking. Most of them happen to have been C.I.O. meetings, though beliefs similar to those which they expressed are held and acted upon by the unions in the American Federation of Labor and the independent unions.

These meetings reflected the positive role which labor leaders must play today, a role which Cardinal Stritch of Chicago describes as "more important than that of any statesman or diplomat." The course of democracy, the Cardinal points out, will be determined by the way the members and leaders of organized labor use their expanding power.

TAKE the Seminar on Human Relations held last Spring in Southern California, jointly sponsored by the United Steel Workers of America and the University of California. Steel-union officials, rank-and-file steel workers, industrialists like Henry J. Kaiser, and prominent social scientists contributed to the discussions. The seminar discussed the ways by which attitudes of bigotry, hate, and distrust could be lessened and those of loyalty, tolerance, and co-operation strengthened in labor-management relations to help make the atmosphere in which the laboring man works worthy of his human dignity.

David McDonald, President of the United Steel Workers, made the keynote address. He had just finished a tour of over thirty western steel centers with U. S. Steel board chairman Benjamin F.

[illegible]

by Mary Heaton Vorse

EN



UAW delegate LeGrande, left, and Senator Douglas: From the "buzz" session, a question; from the Senator, a ready answer

A "buzz" session at work: From discussion comes a better understanding of the ideals which underlie labor's actions



Less than a month after a member of the C.I.O. Community Service Committee addressed telephone workers' union local 7404, the local leaders brought together seven of Norfolk's leading organizations—Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, the Cancer Society, and others. Together, they made plans for a united campaign to raise the funds needed to help these community organizations function better for all the people. The fund drive was a great success.

WHAT happened in Norfolk is typical of how union members in hundreds of towns and cities take the initiative in helping to improve their community—for the men and women of C.I.O. want to make America a better place for all of us to live. So does the American Federation of Labor. Recently, President George Meany spoke to his organization on the identity of interests of workers and the community.

A union which has pioneered in these new directions is the Amalgamated Clothing Workers who celebrated their fortieth anniversary last May.

An Amalgamated convention has a very special quality. It is not only a time of passing resolutions and electing officers; it is a time of festival and rejoicing. At the fortieth convention, one of the most successful social occasions was the dinner given by the union for the National Clothing Manufacturers Association. A dinner given in honor of management may seem unusual to the ordinary newspaper reader used to screaming headlines about labor strife, but the Amalgamated took it in stride. Under the leadership of Sidney Hillman and his associates, the Amalgamated

Clothing Workers were among the first to realize that good relations between workers and management are the foundation of the workers' stability.

They long ago established impartial arbitrating machinery and cut down strikes and industrial disputes so much that there has not been a major strike in the industry for thirty years. During the depression, the Amalgamated through its own banks frequently loaned money to small employers to tide them over the black period of the depression days.

Perhaps no other union has traveled as far as the Amalgamated in its forty-year life span: certainly no other union has contributed more to better labor relations. I remember vividly the early days of the century when women balanced on their heads incredible burdens of men's clothing which they took home to finish. Workers were then paid so little that the whole family often worked until midnight just to eat. Even the babies pulled bastings while their mothers pulled them awake by jogging them with their toes. When workers tried to organize, they were clubbed and arrested for picketing. Now nearly four hundred thousand strong, this union has seen an industry of the worst paid and sweated workers become men and women living lives of human dignity.

The Amalgamated also started unemployment insurance in the twenties, long before any federal agency or state had dreamed of taking such measures. When the depression came, it was the only industry that had unemployment insurance on a large scale. In 1935, when the government took

over unemployment insurance, the fund which remained was used with the consent of management to found their unmatched health insurance program. They set up their own insurance company which today covers 1,000,000 people and whose funds are invested entirely in United States government bonds. Every penny is faithfully guarded and accounted for; for these services there are no commissions, fees, or fancy salaries for insurance executives. Instead, out of every dollar in the New York area fund, 94.1 cents goes into workers' benefits.

The union has also undertaken such projects beneficial to the whole community as clearing slums and proving that decent, low-cost housing for wage-earners is possible and practical. This is the record of a union whose people once worked sixty hours a week and more merely to eat and were subjected to such sins against human dignity as homework, child labor, and exploitation of women workers.

ANOTHER facet of labor's new attitude was its participation in "Operation Jobs" in the Wilkes Barre, Pa., district. This was a community project started a couple of years ago by a committee of top members of industrial, labor, religious, and civic organizations to attract industries to the area, which in turn would create employment.

The United Steel Workers of District 9 were only one of the labor unions supporting the project. The steel workers were specially interested in the expansion of vocational training to prepare young men for the local metal-working industries.

Conference speakers included, center-left to right, Rep. Eugene McCarthy, Thurgood Marshall, and Paul G. Hoffman



The Philip Murray Foundation is another sign of labor's new approach. Here, Reuther makes foundation gift for new clinic

While attracting new industries was "Operation Jobs" first concern, it has taken a leading role in other civic projects. It helped, for instance, to form a new symphony orchestra, a fine addition to the area's cultural life.

C. B. Newell, Director of District 9 of the steel workers, said the union is always ready to co-operate in such community programs. "We do so to make the community a better place to live and raise our children."

THE effectiveness of such community projects is aided by greater participation of labor. Labor's participation in turn is made possible through the interest of its rank and file, aroused by the unions' own educational programs for their members. An example of such a program in action was the sixth educational conference of the United Auto Workers held last April in Chicago's Civic Opera House. Some 2,500 delegates and 750 visitors came to the conference to discuss Man's Search for Peace, Justice, and Abundance in a Free World and labor's responsibility in this search.

Walter Reuther, president of both the C.I.O. and the United Auto Workers, summed up the C.I.O.'s philosophy in the opening speech:

"We are building a new kind of labor movement—a labor movement that draws its power, both economic and spiritual, from the membership that make up its ranks; and for that movement to perform its broad social and moral responsibilities to the whole community, it must increase the understanding of the rank and file. Therefore, this educational conference is but

another part of the effort of our union to broaden the participation of our members and to develop a better understanding and a greater dedication to the ideals, principles, and human values that our union has struggled to advance in the world. . . ."

He added: "We of the U.A.W. have said many times that we are not a narrow economic pressure group, trying to get something for ourselves at the expense of the rest of the community. We have acted in the knowledge that every value that we cherish is indivisible, that we can't be free except as we defend the freedom of our neighbors, at home and in the world. We can't enjoy economic progress or prosperity unless everyone shares economic and social justice; we can't live at peace unless peace is universal."

The evening discussion on Americanism and Civil Liberties was headed by Paul Hoffman, former director of the Economic Co-operation Administration and chairman of the Studebaker Corporation, recently merged with Packard. This is the first time that a great executive of the automobile industry has addressed a labor meeting. A few years ago it would have been impossible; but then a little while ago such an educational conference would also have been impossible.

In his address, Hoffman emphasized the need to define Americanism and to reaffirm those freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution. In citing instances where American freedoms have been "infringed upon by overzealous, mistaken persons," he mentioned that at Indianapolis the American Civil Liberties Union was refused halls "even

though the meeting was sponsored by some of the best citizens of the state and the thirty-four-year-old organization has been endorsed by Americans of highest repute. In the end, a Catholic priest who would be no party to any such un-Americanism offered the social center of his church for the meeting."

TO understand how a large educational conference is organized and what it means to the ordinary union member, let us follow delegate Caroline M. LeGrande, chairman of education and publicity of Local 969, Ternstedt Division G.M., Columbus, Ohio.

Caroline arrived in Chicago before the beginning of the conference and registered at once at the Morrison Hotel where her room had been reserved.

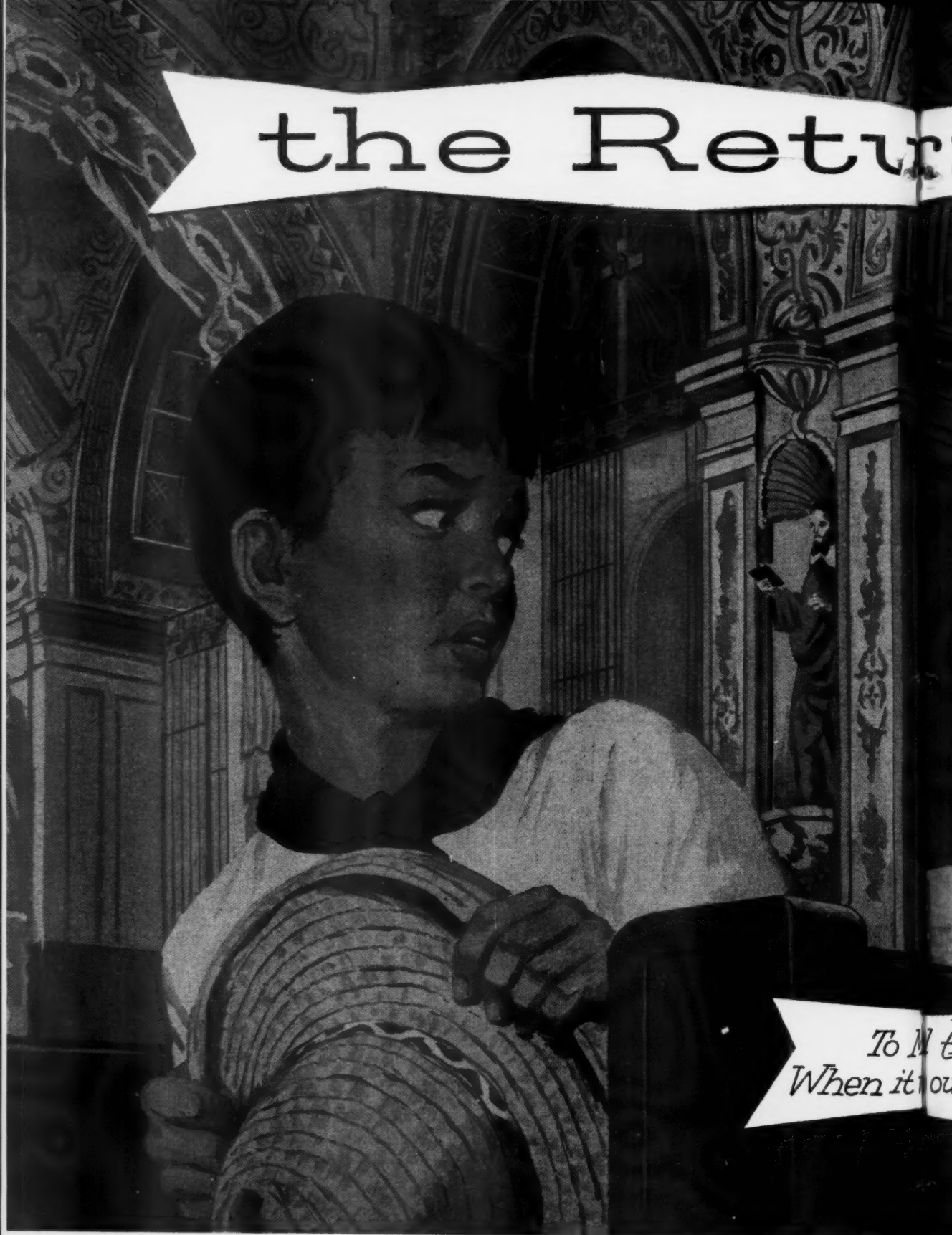
Before going to the conference she turned in her credentials and received the number and location of her table for the "buzz sessions," which were set up to enable all the delegates to participate in the discussion.

After the first session, Caroline joined her "buzz" group to talk over the topic and formulate questions to be asked of the panel members. The second day she was chosen to act as reporter for her group and put the group's question to Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, a member of the day's panel. It was: "How long can the Democratic party survive half liberal and half reactionary?" He answered that it had survived 162 years already and that it was

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MARY HEATON VORSE, a veteran labor reporter for over 40 years, has written frequently for *Harper's* and other magazines

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BY MARY MEADORS



MIGUEL stood erect among the dusty rows of beans and looked away from the slanting light of sunset to where his father was still hoeing the corn, his body half hidden by the restless streamers and sharp tassels pushing up from the crest of each stalk like small spires of honeycomb. The wind walked through the leaves again, and Miguel forgot his aching back and the dryness of New Mexico dust in his nostrils. He was twelve today, but in a poor Mexican family as large as his, that was of almost no concern. What Miguel had held in his heart all afternoon was a question he wished to ask of his father.

It had always been like this, when the wind stirred leaves and the sky filled with great streaks of purple and the earth held whispers. For as long as Miguel could remember he had felt a great restless kinship with all growing and living things. He did not know this was strange to himself, this feeling of being alone with a presence he could not define. He thought everybody felt this way but must be ignorant of how to express it, and so it remained a secret to each one. But now it was time for the question, it could be kept no longer.

When Father Rowen had come through the isolated valley on his way to a mission last year, Miguel knew with sudden great clarity that he wanted to be a priest. It had been many years since a priest had come here, where just a few families lived at the end of an almost impassable road, and it had been a great event. Miguel watched with reverent curiosity as the Father baptized the children and solemnized marriages, but it was the wonder of the Mass that filled Miguel's heart with something so large he could hardly contain it. His throat filled and his eyes brimmed when the priest raised the chalice in his hand, and the longing in Miguel's heart became so great it frightened him, for weren't his feet bare and dusty and his clothes torn and mended, and his heart empty of knowing anything more than

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE CHAN

To the flame was a miracle.
it out, he could no longer believe

the picking of beans and grinding of corn into meal? How great a sin this must be to wish to be a priest!

After Father Rowen left, Miguel lived with his new longing, surfeited with an unrest he'd never experienced before. For in the valley he had not known how to want; life there was as full as all the laughter and sunlight and pain and working that could be crowded into a day. How he learned that any man might become a priest, he was not sure, but the visit of Father Rowen was a subject of talk for many weeks after, and it was small snatches of conversation put together that made him know. And now that he was twelve, perhaps he could ask his father how much longer it would be.

HE turned to hoeing the beans until he saw his father's feet on the dry ground between the rows, and Miguel raised his eyes to the wrinkled and seamed face, darker than the earth itself. His father was scowling across the land, and the boy knew it was because of the lack of rain. Into this mood he asked in a quavering voice: "Father, how long will it be before I am a man?"

The Mexican farmer looked down on his son with surprise, his black eyes blinking. Miguel knew he was trying to remember which son it was who was talking to him, for it had been confusing for his father since Juan and Carlos, the older boys, had been taken away to fight a war a long way off, so far no man could travel alone and get there. A place called Pearl Harbor, which was a great expanse of water as big as all the desert, and many times Miguel had searched his mind for a picture of it from memories of the books he had seen those years he had been able to go to the school at the next valley. Before Juan and Carlos had gone away and his father needed him.

His father only grunted and turned back to look at the fields. "You are enough of a man now, Miguel," he said. "It is a man's work you do, so you are a man."

"Then," said Miguel, almost disbelieving, for he came only to his father's armpit, "then, since I am a man, can I now become a priest? How does one go about becoming a priest?"

The black eyes darted back to him with astonishment. "A priest! *Dios mio!* And where did you get the idea of being a priest?"

"For a long time I have thought of it," Miguel said barely above a whisper.

"Well—" his father replied with sudden emphasis, turning to lift the hand-made tools across his back, "it is more than thinking about it, to make a priest, I can tell you that. Thinking such things can only give you a restless heart. It

takes all kinds of learning that nobody knows about to be a priest." The matter settled, he shouldered the tools and started off toward the adobe house. Miguel gathered his tools and ran, stumbling under their weight to catch up with his father.

"But is there no way I can do this learning?" he cried out softly.

"Si—in the big schools and there is no such for us, and it is better that there isn't." He looked sharply at the boy. "The Church must go on, but so must the land. A man must know his place. I forbid you to speak any more of this business of being a priest. There is no way."

Miguel fell a few steps behind his father, the tools suddenly heavy. Sweat rolled down his face and dusty body, cutting small rivers of darker brown. He could not understand how his father could be ignorant that any man could be a priest and, without understanding, there was no acceptance of his father's verdict. Perhaps he was not yet a man as his father said. When he was a man, then he would become a priest.

At the time of harvest, when the dried and burned corn was to be frugally gathered to the last mottled ear, Miguel's mother fell sick. She tossed on the bed

with pain, and now fear hung over the house for she was soon to have another child. His father interrupted his work in the fields to see if she were all right, for everyone could remember the spring when the mother in the next house up the stream had died in childbirth.

"Miguel," his father told him gravely, "I cannot leave the valley now, for if the rains come and stay, we cannot harvest the rest of the corn before it rots. I am going to put your mother into the wagon, and you can drive her to the city. You must go very slowly over the bad road, for it will be hard for her, but she will know the way, and there you can find your aunt and the doctor, and you must stay there until I come to fetch you. I need you in the fields, but your mother needs you more."

And so it was that Miguel set out on the greatest adventure of his life. He had no trouble following the rough, dusty miles to the big road and turning there into the sun, as his father had told him. The long trip might have tired someone else, but not Miguel, and as he came into the city he was almost guilty of forgetting his mother, so great was the sight before him. His mother directed him to the house of his aunt, and this was a new wonder, for it had



"Father, how long will it be before I am a man?"

never occurred to him that she might know these things existed—streets made of square stones placed together and houses so close you could reach out of one into the next. It was not a large city, indeed it was only a small town, but to Miguel it looked like the capital of the world.

Miguel's aunt was a huge woman, dressed in clothes he had seen only in pictures, and a great deal of talk poured from her. In no time at all she had his mother in a bed all white and clean and the doctor called. Then, pulling a shawl over her black hair, she said, "Come, child. We will go to the Church, you and I, and light a candle for your mother to get well."

Miguel followed her with rapt steps. He was really to enter a great church! An anticipation swept over him as great as if he were to be allowed through the gates of heaven itself, and he did not hear another word his aunt said. The church was of pale adobe brick, with wonderful workings over its walls and an altar the sight of which was beyond his dreams. He stood obediently by as his aunt touched the taper to one of the candles in front of the statue of Our Lady; his eyes filled with tears of compassion for his mother. He knelt beside his aunt to pray, feeling strangely inadequate, filled with a great hunger of being that no hour or day could fill.

At last he felt soft fingers on his arm and looked up at his aunt's whisper, "It is time to go, little one." With reluctant steps he followed her toward the rear. In the middle of the aisle there was a wide cross section leading off in each direction to the walls, and there in an alcove beneath a statue was a large candle burning. Miguel paused, watching it in rapture, and his aunt came a few steps back to join him.

"It is kept burning to St. Joseph for the safety of all the boys at the war," she told him. "Since the day the first boy went from our village, it has been kept lighted, and never has it gone out. It will burn here, guarding them, until all return in safety."

It was a miraculous thing to Miguel. Within his mind a great picture formed of angels standing guard over the candle and going with the soldiers who were at Pearl Harbor and the light never going out. Nothing in all the world could put out the light, for it was God's light, and to him it became the most powerful thing on earth. The flame flickered and danced, casting a bright glow across the face of St. Joseph, making the features almost smile, the eyes light up. Miguel was so rooted to the spot that his aunt had to pull at him sharply.

On the way back, Miguel realized that the church was much closer to his aunt's house than he'd thought on the way there. By now objects of the street were more familiar, and there was only one block between them. "Might I go to the church again?" he asked.

His aunt gave him a warm, approving glance. "Indeed you may, *querido mio*—"

"Might I even go—alone?"

"If you ask permission so I know where you are," she said.

AND so it was that Miguel spent many hours that day at the church, and not in any of this time did the magnificence of it dim. He longed to speak to the priest, Father Rowen, whom he remembered, but the only time he'd felt enough courage was when he'd been with his aunt, and she'd said, "Father Rowen, this is my sister's boy."

"And how are you, lad?" asked Father Rowen, and since Miguel's throat had tightened shut, the priest spoke again to his aunt before Miguel had a chance to say anything.

He thought of all the wonderful days ahead and how he might speak soon to Father Rowen, but after dark when he'd gone to bed on the cot placed for him on the back porch, he heard his uncle come home from his work, and the voices of a quarrel. Miguel clutched the thin mattress in fear and tried to press himself flat, so if his uncle came back there he would not see him. His uncle was very angry, and his aunt was crying, and the voices rose and lowered so that it was hard to know what it was about. But it lasted so long that soon it was impossible not to know.

"Who pays the bills?" cried his uncle for the fourth time. "Dirt farmers clawing at the land with bare hands for a scrap of food ought to have sense enough to stay and die where they belong. Do you know how much a funeral costs? Do you know?"

There was only the weeping of his aunt, and the words, "My sister."

Miguel trembled at the thought of his mother dying, and the trembling shook through him like an ague, and he clutched the mattress tightly to brace himself against the shaking, but it would not be stilled.

"She will go back, and the boy that brought her here can take her back. If she was not too sick to come, she is not too sick to return. It is not only a funeral, but it is the cost of a grave. She can be buried where it costs nothing to bury her."

"There would be no cost for a grave, Felipe! Of course she would want to be buried at home. It's just a day's trip. We have the money. It is not as if we didn't have the money—"



He ran down the street to see the light again

"Money! You know nothing at all of money. It is always money that must be spent here and money there, until all I hear is money! She goes back tomorrow."

There was a burst of weeping and then anger in his aunt's voice. "You would have her die without her last rites? You would do that to my sister?"

"They can send for a priest as well as anyone else. She is not to be in this house when I return tomorrow."

"Felipe—let her stay a day or two. The doctor did not say she was going to die for sure. Just a day—"

"No. One day and another day and always another—and who is going to pay this fool of a doctor? Does he not know dirt farmers have no money?"

Miguel slept only when exhaustion came, and when he awakened his body was alert like a wild animal of the forest. He lay in the torturous bed until his aunt called him, for he was fearful of meeting his uncle. His aunt's eyes were swollen from weeping.

She put his breakfast on the the table

while he stood uncomfortably by, shifting his weight from one foot to another. His eyes traveled to the crucifix on the wall and the small altar beneath, and he wondered if that was where his uncle could kneel in prayer and then turn a sick woman out of his house.

"You will have to take your mother home, Miguel," his aunt finally said in a low defeated voice. "We will wait until noon, and I will send a neighbor with you for it will be far into the night when you arrive. But the heat of a whole day is too much to bear. Now eat your breakfast."

MIGUEL tried to eat, but the food choked him, and he spread it on his plate so it might look like less. But his aunt said nothing about the food, and his thoughts turned with a sharp pang to the Church that he would never see again. Perhaps he could go there for just a few minutes. Noon was still a long time away.

When he asked his aunt she nodded abruptly, her eyes misting over, and he ran off down the street, the soles of his feet burning against the hot stones. He stopped, impatiently waiting to catch his breath before going through the great wooden doors, and then he stepped inside noiselessly, like a small shadow. He stood there gratefully alone; this was even more marvelous than the day before. He walked along the wall so he could keep the whole sweep of the Church in his vision. And then, when he neared the alcove where St. Joseph stood, a great alarm came over him. The candle that had never gone out, that was to burn each hour until the day the soldiers came home, was lifeless, shrouded in shadow, its flame gone. He could not believe his eyes. He looked up at the ashen face of St. Joseph and his heart cried out a great rejection of what his eyes told him. But there was no restoration. The light was gone.

For a long moment Miguel stood in horrified disbelief that such a thing had happened. Now the soldiers in the war did not have the protection of God. Even at this moment, the knowledge of his mother's great sickness brought the fear home sharply. Helplessly he looked at the candle, as if his own pleading eyes could make the flame spring back to the small, black stub of a wick.

A sound from near the altar roused him, and he whirled in fright. A door had opened and now two priests emerged, their robes almost indistinguishable in the shadow of that corner. Instinctively Miguel pushed himself into the corner that the alcove made, back against the cold, adobe wall. There

was space enough to swallow five men in shadow, but still he pushed until his shoulder blades were cut raw. Perhaps the priests would blame him that the flame had gone out! The magnitude of such a sin paralyzed him as he listened to their footsteps approach.

He recognized the easy flowing voice of Father Rowen as they paused beside the alcove. "Beloved Joseph!" it said softly, and Miguel was conscious of a match flame bursting against the blackness. "Let this not happen again!"

"We should perhaps buy those better candles, Father," said the other priest without concern. "It is the wind that does this all the time. The wick is not big enough."

"Perhaps next month we can send for some then," Father Rowen said. "If there is money enough. Though it is probably an idle hope that the more expensive ones are any better!" And the two moved away again, out of earshot, and after a very long time Miguel came from his corner. Only the fear that it might already be noon impelled him out of the shadow toward the doors and the sunlight.

He hurried home devoid of feeling, stunned by loss, as if everything that

• The lump in the throat hardest to bear is the one caused by swallowing one's words.

—Irish Digest

had been in his heart before had drained away. Vaguely he still heard the words of the priest, over and over in the ears of his mind. "It is the wind does this all the time—"

The flame that could not go out had gone out. The light that was to burn through all the days and nights without stopping had flickered and failed. The great presence of God that he had felt all his life had been taken from him. It was a loss so powerful he could only grasp a small amount of it at once, just the shock was enough to bear without thinking of the rest and all it meant.

Back at the house the cart was already loaded, and Miguel helped carry his mother to it. Through the tearful good-bys he stood apart, bewildered and lost. He rode in silence on the wagon, driving the horse, hearing the clacking hoof beat of the horse of the neighbor who followed the wagon, seeing not the road or the vast, hot land or the sky bare in its brightness. Seeing only the ashen, gray face of St. Joseph and the dawning knowledge that the priest knew all the time that the light went out.

His mother died that year, when the

time came for her to have the baby, and Miguel pushed the thoughts of the Church and the candle from his mind. A great permanent hate grew in him now, hate for his uncle who had turned out his mother, and he tossed on his straw mat at night, fevered by this new thing that had seized him. He worked at the land with a vengeance, as if to slash it to bits as he cleared and ploughed and hoed the hot, dusty rows. And never did he speak to his father about what had happened, for his mother had said nothing of it. And his young eyes knew how it could almost be a relief to die, even to someone you loved. That death could be prepared for mercifully, because after a long and torturous pain one did not look at death with fear, but only with patient welcome. And the knowledge of this made his heart want to weep.

So his mother was buried in the plot near the house, and snow covered her grave five times, for five winters came and went, and Miguel was almost a man. The war was over, but his brothers had written that they had jobs in San Francisco, where there was a great deal of money to be had, and his sisters were married and gone to the other valley, and there was no one left in the small adobe house but his father and him and the wind. The lonely wind at night. And he often thought of the time before the hate, and how he had loved the wind then, for it had spoken to him of God. But gradually those memories lessened, for the hate was still in his heart, and one cannot keep both hate and faith that close together.

IT was the time close to harvest again. When roads were thick with hot dust and the air heavy laden with heat that shimmered over the burned out land. Miguel's father came back at late afternoon from helping a neighbor, and there was someone with him, hunched over on the horse. Miguel ran forward with alarm. It was Father Rowen.

"Help me get him down," his father commanded, struggling under the weight of the priest.

"What is wrong?"

"Perhaps the sun." The priest was breathing with great rasping gasps for air, and as Miguel cupped his arms under the thin and bony body, he was shocked to see how Father Rowen had aged; at the same time he felt strangely unworthy to touch his person, for it was an unquiet reminder of a faith long forgotten.

They carried the priest inside to the bed, and Miguel asked in fear, "Can I do something? A doctor?"

But his father was already reaching for a shirt that hung on a peg. "I will get a doctor. Father Rowen—"

"No—" The words were a whisper from the bed, and the watery, blue eyes looked up with entreaty. "But please—Father Jacobs—please . . ."

There was silence as Miguel looked into his father's eyes and neither spoke, then his father turned and went out of the house. Miguel got a wet towel and placed it on the head of Father Rowen, carefully wiping the brown and seamed face. The breathing quieted, and a glaze came into the weak eyes like fog came sometimes into the valley, and Miguel cried out urgently, "Father! Father Rowen!"

AS if with the greatest effort, Father Rowen brought his gaze to rest on Miguel. "Talk to me—please, talk to me!" the thin voice pleaded, and Miguel knew with helpless realization that Father Rowen was fighting for time until Father Jacobs could arrive, and the thought of the long trip to the city and back filled him with despair.

He searched frantically through his mind for something to talk about, and words came, bits of nothing, like the corn was soon to be harvested and just a little rain would help, but not too much, and the hoe had broken last week but it could easily be fixed. The fog came back into Father Rowen's eyes, and Miguel cried out in alarm, "Father! Please—I must tell you something!"

The blue eyes came to rest on his face again, and Miguel took a deep breath. It would have to be the church he would have to talk about, the long hours of this night, if Father Rowen were not to slip quietly away like his mother. The church and the lighted candle. He clutched his hands tightly in his lap and leaned forward. "Father—" he began in a tight voice, "Do you remember the day I came to the church—many years ago with my aunt?" And he poured out the story of that last morning, and the flame that was to burn night and day, and how it had been, knowing that a rush of wind could take it away, and the priests themselves knew of this. "It has troubled me much, knowing it—" he finished, feeling a sense of relief that he had been forced to talk of it.

The fog was gone from the priest's eyes and they burned with small points of troubled thought. Miguel looked down at his hands in his lap and the bare, dirt floor beneath and tried to seem as if it didn't matter. For awhile silence, powerful and strong, filled the room, stretching out until he thought it would never end. When he looked up again, Father Rowen's face was lost in thought, the eyes narrowed and the head tilted back on the hard mattress, almost as if Father Rowen were searching heaven for an answer to his ques-

tion. Miguel began to wonder if there were going to be an answer at all, when the priest cleared his throat and began to speak in an unsteady voice.

"It is easy, my son, to have faith when the light burns bright for all to see—" the words came very slowly, "and the power of God is not obscured by doubt. Only the weakest of heart could fail to have faith at such a time."

He paused and his chest rose and fell for a time with his breathing. "But it is more to have faith when the light burns dim and seems to go out—when even the flame is gone from the sight of the eye. That is when faith must burn on the small, bright core of itself.



The trembling shook him and he clutched the mattress

These days in our world are not easy. The lights of a thousand candles seem to be blown out by the mere breath of what man has patiently watched, what the forces of evil build. Adding to it his own alchemy of human weakness. For you see, we ourselves have poured out the metal to fashion the world's sorrow." The blue eyes that found Miguel's were filled with a great compassion.

The bony hand moved across the mattress toward Miguel. "God's light never goes out. Only man's light does. When the heart is dark then the night is forever. Do you not see how easy it is to relight a candle? But it is the flame that keeps the shadows from the heart that is the living flame, and only love can feed it, and then it burns forever. Be-

fore that flame can go out, love must go first."

Miguel felt an ache in his throat and a stinging in his eyes, and without knowing it tears began to roll down his cheeks. But he did not care. He thought of a priest who had relighted a candle in faith, and a boy of twelve who had opened his heart to the winds of hate.

For awhile neither spoke, and then Miguel, with the tears drying into salt on his face, spoke with great urgency, "Father—would there be any chance for one like me to become a priest?" He spread his hands out, as if to show how caked with the dust of the earth they were and how empty of any skill.

Father Rowen was searching his face with the pale blue eyes, and it was a long moment before he replied. "If you feel that God has called you, my son, there is always a way."

Happiness stole gently through Miguel, and it seemed the last five years of his life had not existed at all. But the answer he would have accepted with eager guilelessness then seemed now impossible of fulfillment.

"I have had so little schooling, Father."

A gentle smile touched the priest's lips. "Is your heart sure?"

"Oh—yes!" Miguel poured out to him all the hopes and dreams of the years before, and the hours of the night spun away into the gray fabric of dawn, and he held Father Rowen's hand tightly as if he could press the youth and life of himself into the faltering pulse.

"I—will speak—to Father Jacobs—" the weakened priest whispered with great effort.

From out of the misty daylight came the clatter of hoofbeats, then sounds from the yard, and Father Jacobs came into the room, followed by Miguel's father.

Father Jacobs looked solemnly down at the bed and spoke with quiet regret. "I should never have let you go alone, Father. Not into these valleys. You made the wrong turn in the road—"

FATHER Rowen lifted his hand in a weak protest, and Miguel could see the fog coming again into the blue eyes, and he turned and stepped out of the door. The morning air held a breathless stillness, the dew gave the earth a fragrance. Miguel walked a little away from the house. He wanted very much to tell Father Jacobs something, but it would wait for another time. Father Rowen had not made the wrong turn in the road.

Instead, Miguel stood and looked up at the white clouds and to where the dust of the road was still billowing like another cloud as if the dust itself would reach into heaven.

THE Flight into Egypt is the second sorrow of Mary. This tragic incident is her second hour of Compassion. It is Mary's hour of terror. The dangers of the night, the dangers of the desert, and the dangers of the open road are friendly compared with the wickedness wrought in Bethlehem under the cover of darkness.

A recent playwright, describing a woman facing inevitable death from a malignant disease, portrays her patience, high spirits, and more than ordinary courage in his title for the piece, "Sing no sad songs for me." Of old, the prophet David wrote a sad song, a song of exile, a song of bondage, a song of pilgrimage, a song of nostalgic longing, "How shall we sing a song of the Lord in a strange land?" (Psalm 136) And yet the strongest of women, the most patient and long suffering, the most spirited, and the most courageous, must fly in the dead of night, at the peril of the sword, into a strange land, and her song is indeed a sad and moving one.

The incident is economically related in the Holy Gospel:

"... Behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise, and take the Child and His mother, and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him." (Matt. 2:13) That these words of the angel were urgent follows from the rest of the narrative. "Then Herod perceiving that he was deluded by the wise men, was exceeding angry; and sending, killed all the men children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men." (Matt. 2:16)

This pilgrimage of terror by night raises many interesting questions concerning both Jesus and Mary.

The first question concerns the time of the second sorrow of Mary. Although it is narrated immediately after the events of the birth of Christ and the coming of the wise men, the fact that Herod included all the male children of two years old and under presents a problem. Was it just his desire to be effectual as a destroyer that caused him to extend the age limit, just as geographically he included even "all the borders" of Bethlehem? Or was it rather the nature of the information he diligently gathered from the wise men as to the time and the place of the birth of the Holy Child? The latter seems the more correct answer, namely, that the wise men from the East saw His star about two years before and made this great and prolonged journey to salute the Christmas King. A two-year trip is

a long trip. We can see why God rewarded the Magi so abundantly.

The fact that the Gospel tells us the wise men came and found the "house" where Mary was with the Child also inclines us to believe that by this time the Holy Family had moved out of the stable and into permanent quarters in the city. This is pointed out not to make the engravers of Christmas cards look silly and anachronistic, but to show how much more difficult was the

informed whether the flight would succeed, whether her pilgrimage into the night would have a happy outcome, or whether with one sweep of the sword all would be lost.

The drama of this uncertainty! The dark pageantry of this night attack! Its iniquity sparked the imagination of the artists of the miniatures of the Books of Hours in the Middle Ages. Before me lies a fifteenth-century manuscript depicting the Flight into Egypt.

PILGRIMAGE BY NIGHT

Mary had only time to pack a few items of luggage, bundle up the Divine Child, and face the terror of a flight from assassins. Her road lay through the desert. It was night

by Jude Mead, C.P.

flight by night for the Holy Family, who by this time had set up a home, and likely enough a small trade, and were accepted as ordinary members of the community. This increased Mary's sorrow. It was leaving home again.

THE terror that sharpened Mary's sword of sorrow in this hour is twofold. Terror of the known and terror of the unknown. Mary knew the prophecies concerning her Son. But she did not know the time or the manner of their fulfillment. Mary had no assurance that this was not the last hour of the life of Jesus. She knew that He was to be led as a lamb to the slaughter. Here indeed He was a gentle, little lamb, so helpless, so innocent. Here indeed was a slaughter, the cruel slaughter of many innocents. The medievalists would have us believe that a thousand little boys were slaughtered. However, since there were only about 2,000 inhabitants of Bethlehem at the time, a sane estimate of the number of massacred innocents would run to about twenty, surely not more than forty. But this was bad enough, and Mary was not

Herod is shown in a fury of rage, dispatching armed men in a frenzied search in every direction. In another medallion, the angel anxiously awakens St. Joseph. Below this, the Holy Family is seen in flight accompanied by angels and the Holy Ghost. Another circlet shows the soldiers of the king questioning a peasant as to the direction in which the Holy Family went. The last medallion shows the actual slaughter of the Innocents, replete with gory infants, and—indicative of the artists' bizarre sense of the appropriate—all the wailing mothers of Bethlehem have red hair! However, the central illumination shows the safe arrival of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph in Egypt. As usual, whenever the medievalists lacked knowledge, they made up with imagination. So all the inhabitants of Egypt who came running out to welcome these holy pilgrims of the night are dressed gaily in Chinese costumes. Their idols crumble to the ground at the glance of the Child Jesus.

Our present generation knows well what it is to be a pilgrim of the night. The daily press has not yet ceased to



Wood engraving by Bruno Bramanti

relate the mass movements of humanity from one country to another. A large proportion of the world's population has been transported not by invitation as were the wise men of old but by murderous pursuit similar to that of the vengeful Herod. Expediency is above human personality. The good of politicians above the lives of children. Never before on such a large scale has the world seen so many displaced persons on pilgrimage from night into day, from darkness and silence into the light of hope and peace. Iron curtains and merciless soldiers pattern again the Flight into Egypt. And from all this human wickedness God is drawing goodness. He has loved these people and called them out of the land of exile.

MANY Christians, too, have terror in their hearts about their pilgrimage by night into the eternal lands through death. But they should not fear, either. Holy Mother Church sings out in her Requiem Mass, "for thy faithful O Lord, life is not taken away, but changed; and by the destruction of this abode, an eternal one in heaven is at-

tained." Let all those who fear the pilgrimages we must all make in this life or from this life turn to Mary, our Sorrowful Mother. She has made this pilgrimage at sword's point, but her faith failed not, her hope continued, and her love conquered. She, who was indeed the pilgrim by night, is for us a protectress against all the terrors of the night, the terrors of the way, and the terrors of the unknown.

THAT our thoughts should turn from this sorrow of Mary to the heavenly reward of those who suffer and sorrow as pilgrims toward the eternal night is clear from the Office of the feast of the Holy Innocents. Holy Mother Church praises these vicarious martyrs for the Infant Christ and His dolorous Mother, in that they witnessed to His divinity, "not by speaking for Him, but by dying for Him." And their reward is graphically declared as being an eternal childhood in heaven. There about the very throne of God, they are shown us as playing with the palm branches given them as a symbol of their martyrs' witnessing to Christ. In a real

sense they can be called the first fruits of the Passion of Christ and the Compassion of Mary, entering into heaven as they did by a baptism of blood and at the cost of the heartbreak of Our Lord and His Mother Mary.

And the joy of the infants is sharply contrasted with the sorrow and emptiness of their poor mothers, robbed of the love and the lives of their children, brought into the world at the cost of pain and endeared by even a greater travail at their passing from it. "Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by the Prophet, saying: 'A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bemoaning her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.'" (Matt.2:17)

And as Mary passed outside the walls of Bethlehem with the Infant God pressed tightly to her heart, the ancient tomb of Rachel cast its long shadow over the roadway and moved her anew to share the sorrow of every heart-broken mother separated from her child by death. A foresight of her own separation, and the hope of her eternal reunion with her Child in Heaven.



Photos by Jacques Lowe

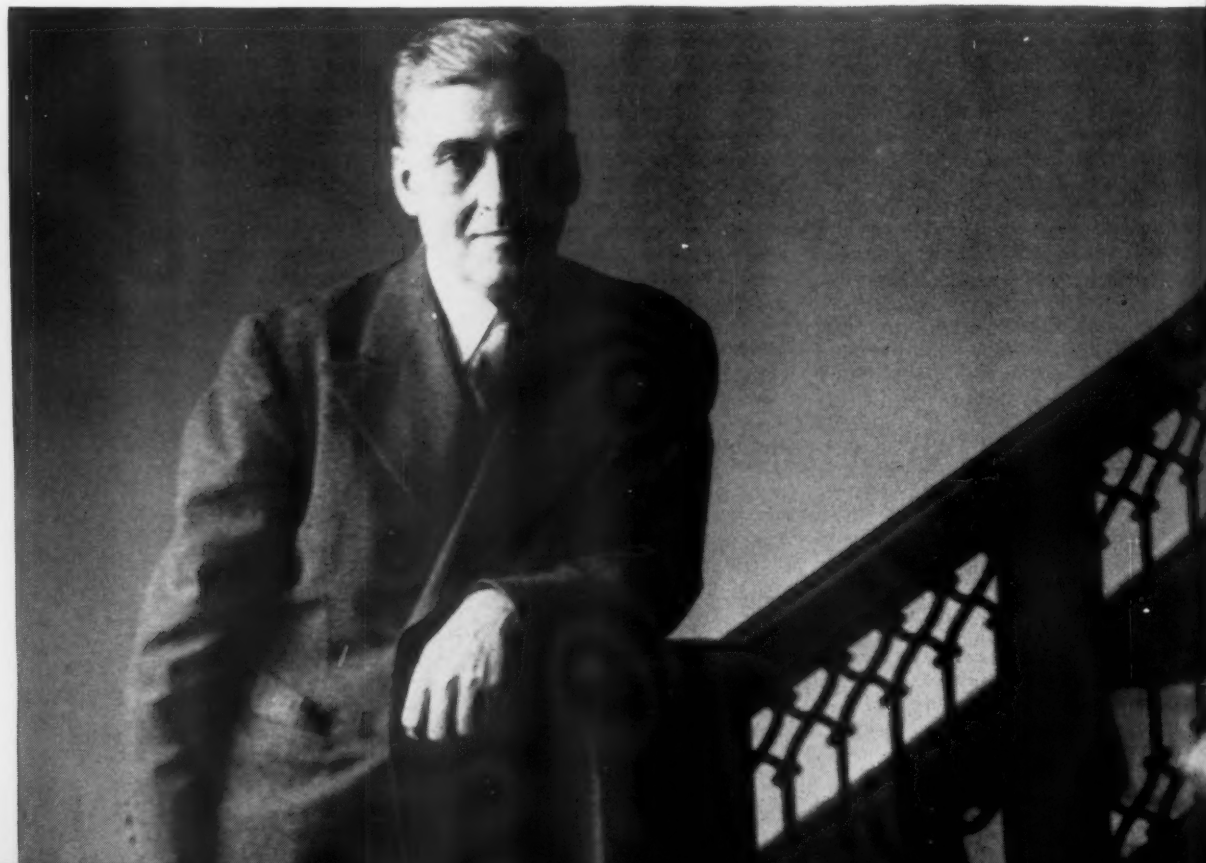
May Lafley: If Christ came to save anybody, He came to save those whom the world chooses to call "bums"

Angel of Cleveland

NOT MANY PEOPLE get to be angels—at least on this side of Heaven—but May Lafley, dispensary clerk at the Wayfarers Lodge on Cleveland's East Seventeenth Street, has made it. She's made it in the minds of her friends, the men sick in body and sometimes in spirit whom she has helped along the way back to spiritual peace at the Lodge. Miss Lafley's official job as dispensary clerk finds her arranging medical check-ups for her men, dispensing light drugs, and keeping medical records. But when she has finished with her job on behalf of Cuyahoga county, she takes up her work for the Church, encouraging the Catholics among the men to live up to their religious duties while traveling what is for many of them their last mile on earth. May wouldn't call herself an apostle, but others can find no more suitable word. Msgr. Richard Walsh, rector of St. John's Cathedral, which serves the Lodge, says, "May is really an apostle. There's no telling how many men she's saved down there."

How does she do it? A priest once asked her whether she used a shotgun to get her "boys" to go to Confession. She's that successful at it. But instead of a shotgun, she uses a warm, sympathetic approach that brings better results. In "difficult" cases, she employs a brisk, matter-of-fact persistence that is hard to resist.

One of the biggest obstacles, she finds, is a self-deprecating attitude among some of the men that religion is for "nice" people, not for men who are down on their luck. But it doesn't take May very long to convince even these that if Christ died to save anybody, He died to save the poor, the sick, and the outcast whom the world chooses to call "bums." It is this that makes May the leading contender for the title, "Angel of Cleveland."



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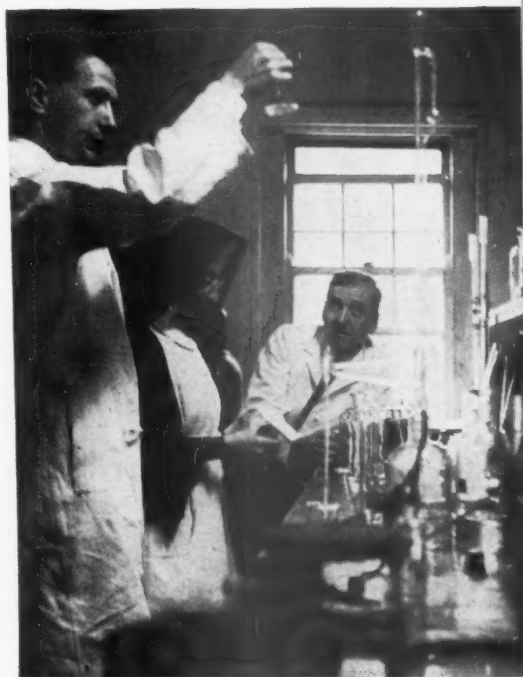
—People—

Man of Science

DR. GEORGE SPERI SPERTI, co-founder and director of the Institutum Divi Thomae, Catholic research foundation in Cincinnati, Ohio, has spent most of a lifetime bearing witness to the truth that religion and science are not only compatible but must work together if the progress that is so much a part of the modern world is to result in benefit to mankind, and not catastrophe.

As a research scientist, inventor, and consultant to government and industry, Dr. Sperti has had an immensely varied career. Among his many achievements are the invention of the Sperti sunlamp and the discovery of Biodynes, substances which help control metabolism in body cells and which are helpful in healing wounds. But since 1935, when the Institutum was founded as a unit of the Catholic Athenaeum of Ohio, Dr. Sperti has devoted the greater part of his energies to the direction of research at the Institutum and its affiliated laboratories.

The major fields in which such research is conducted include: cancer research; study of enzymes, metabolism, and growth; microbiology; and physics and physical chemistry. Much of this research would appear dull in the extreme to the layman, yet it is the stuff of which more important discoveries are made. The Institutum's cancer research program, for example, has made considerable progress toward the discovery of therapeutic agents more effective than surgery or radiation treatments. Such agents have been found effective in curing certain forms of skin cancer. If they can be made effective in other forms of cancer as well, these discoveries may revolutionize medicine's entire approach to cancer. It is such research as this that has won Dr. Sperti a place of honor in the Catholic scientific tradition.



Photos by Jacques Lowe
In the lab at the Institutum Divi Thomae, Dr. Sperti and co-workers do significant research.



After traveling twenty miles over pitted mountain roads, Sister Patricia visits a rural family in their adobe home

NURSE-MIDWIVES OF SANTA FE

New Mexico's Medical Missionary Sisters are revitalizing the ancient profession of midwifery as part of America's modern medical economy

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY JACQUES AND JILLEN LOWE



Sister M. Theophane is the directress of the Catholic Maternity Institute

TWENTY miles into the mountains over pitted dirt roads is a routine trip for Sister Mary Patricia, S.C.M.M., one of the Medical Missionary Sisters who staff the Catholic Maternity Institute in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Sister is more than an efficient nurse-midwife to the family she is visiting; she is also a trusted friend whose gentleness and sympathy are much appreciated by people living through one of life's great moments—the birth of a child.

This is the ideal of nurse-midwifery that is being promoted by the Catholic Maternity Institute which serves families—regardless of race, creed, color, or social status—in a 2,800 square mile area around Santa Fe. The experience of the Institute has proven that midwifery has an important role to play in our modern medical economy. Using the latest “natural childbirth” techniques, the nurse-midwives at the Institute have had splendid results since the Institute was founded in 1944.

Under the direction of Sister Mary Theophane, S.C.M.M., the Institute offers its patients a well-rounded program of maternity care in collaboration with qualified physicians. That program includes regular physical check-ups, classes in the physical and psychological aspects of pregnancy, and exercise training for mothers to help them prepare their bodies for childbirth. Deliveries take place at the maternity center or in the patient's home. The nurse-midwives prefer the latter since it is more conducive to the normal pattern of family life. Underlying the Institute's work is a philosophy of nurse-midwifery that keeps uppermost in mind the sacred character of conception and birth, of life and its ultimate destiny.



Sister Patricia delivered Mrs. Martinez' bouncing baby several days earlier; now she's back to check up



Baby works up a wrinkled squall as Sister changes his diaper. Mother and oldest daughter also got tips on baby care



Balanced in a receiving blanket attached to a hand scale, Baby Martinez has his weight checked—just for the record

This Madonna-like portrait of Sister Patricia reflects the reality of spiritual motherhood in the Sisters' lives

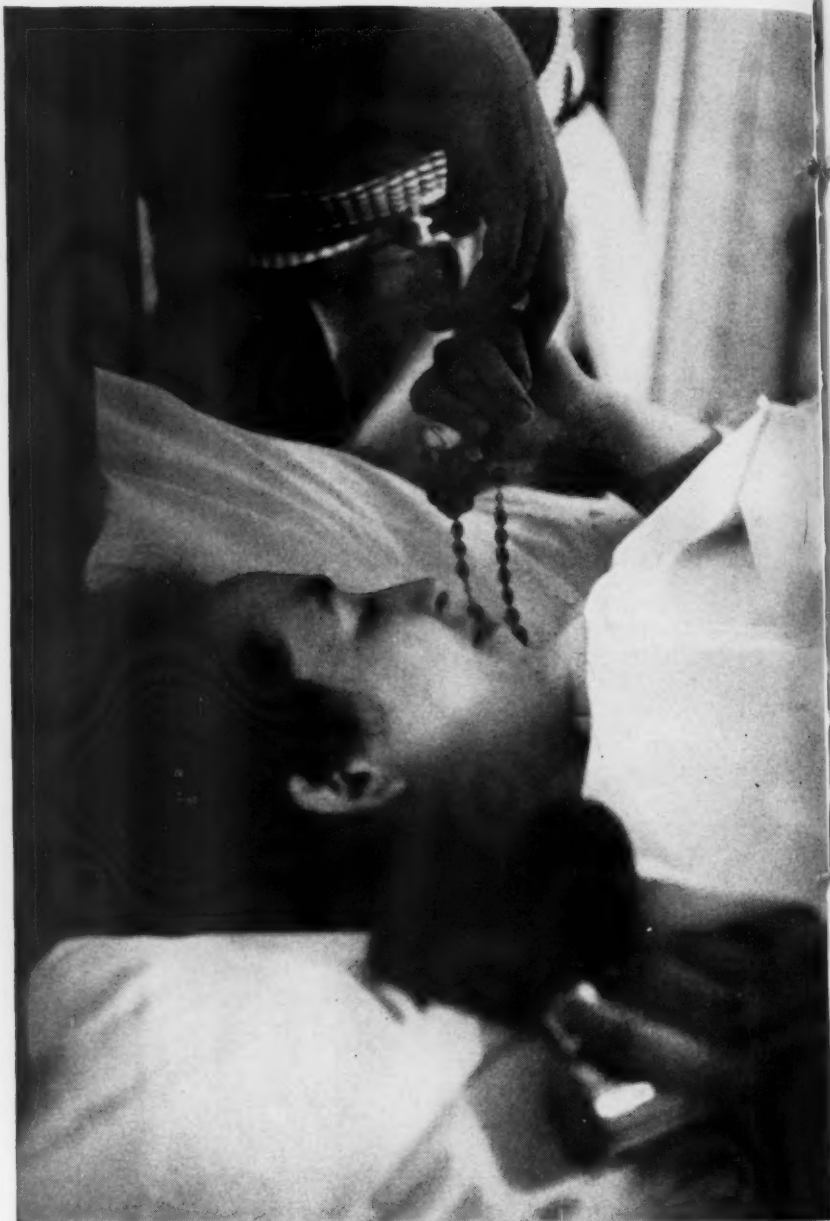


Blood test is taken at clinic as part of regular medical check-up



Clinic also keeps record of mother's weight—an important factor

Homelike atmosphere of clinic helps adjustment to pregnancy



Natural childbirth technique used by nurse-midwives permits husband's presence during labor. Result: mother feels confident, father doesn't feel left out

THE drama inherent in life is perhaps seen better than at any other time during the moment of childbirth. Mrs. Adalina Montano, a typical patient at the Catholic Maternity Institute, was expecting her sixth child when she came to the clinic to have her baby. Using the training she had received at the Institute's classes, she suffered no fear or tension during labor, but simply worked calmly to bring forth her child. During the whole time, her husband stood by, occasionally speaking softly to her and joining her in the Rosary. This seemed to give her a great deal of comfort. In a very short while, she gave birth to a healthy, beautiful little boy. After the baby was laid in his tiny bed, everyone joined together around Mrs. Montano's bed to offer a simple prayer of thanks.

For Mrs. Montano, childbirth was not the ordeal that it is to many other women under different care. For this she can thank the work of the Catholic Maternity Institute, which is founded on the conviction that "the patient possesses both a material and spiritual nature which deserve equal consideration in giving care. Above all, the psychological aspect of pregnancy must be appreciated."



Emphasis on relaxing mother psychologically lessens need for analgesia, but mask is kept handy just in case she feels a need for it



Joyful climax of labor comes when baby is born, the highpoint of man's co-operation in creation

Nurse Midwives of Santa Fe ★ ★ A Sign Picture Story



Mother's first glimpse of her bawling, wrinkled son is an elating experience. Though this is her sixth, her joy is as great as with first



Elation relaxes into contentment as mother and child settle down to business of living together



Exercise training classes at the Institute are held regularly for expectant mothers. Aim of the special exer-

cises, which are an important part of natural childbirth method, is to strengthen muscles used in giving birth



The Catholic Maternity Institute trains nurse-midwives as well as mothers. Nurse-midwifery is at a criti-

cal stage in its development and adequate training facilities such as those at the Institute are a great need

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Thank You

FIRST of all I should like this month to say how deeply touched I was by the many letters which reached me, remailed from St. Vincent's Hospital and wishing me a good recovery. I am much better now, in fact I am moving about as nimbly as of yore, and I am sure part of the recovery was due to the many prayers sent up for me. When you hear that three whole convents are praying for you, it is a very exhilarating experience and enough to speed your recovery.

That the letters covered such a wide area of places and people was one of the nicest things about it; they came from convents of enclosed religious and convents of active missionaries, and from lay friends, most of whom I have never seen. They ranged from a girl in high school to a very beloved religious of some ninety years.

I have answered them all except the few who did not give an address, and these I thank now. I was especially sorry there was no address with the letter that said, "Please get well soon. We mothers of young children need every champion we have."

Thank you all and God bless you.

Geriatrics and Old Age

NOW I WANT to turn to a different topic and to a subject which is all over the place today and is known by the scientifically fashionable name of geriatrics. The word comes from the Greek: *geras*, old age; *iatrikos*, healing. Presently, it applies to old age all right but to much more than healing the diseases of old age, which is its dictionary meaning. The social workers are busy with the problem; the magazines are getting out provocative articles; all sorts of legislation is being drafted. The basic reason for what they are trying to do is of course sound and right, but the solicitude toward old people can be, and is being, overdone.

In the particular case of geriatrics, one tiresome intention seems to be to keep the old amused and happy, to keep telling them how sad it is that they unfortunately are old but to show them the fine shelf the do-gooders have made for them to lie on—and rest—and rest.

I dislike intensely the word *aged*, for it connotes to me a trembling, wrinkled hand on a cane, a frail form doddering about and weeping tears of ancient woe; whereas today the so-called aged, in some minds, seem to begin around forty, after which hoary age some people can't get work any more because they are too old. The really fascinating illogic about this is that they can't get old-age benefits until they are sixty-five. Twenty-five years is a long time to age even liquor, to say nothing of people.

There are many letters in the papers from these unfortunate people, forced to drop one job and unable to get another because they are, of all withered things, over forty years old. But old age is not so arbitrary a thing as all that. There are some people who are born old. I went for information from a woman one day and she said sadly that she could not remember because she was so old—fifty-two. Suddenly I realized that she had always been old. No doubt even at thirty she would have made a fine guinea pig for a geriatrist.

Now, I happen to know some very old people who would be poor subjects for the geriatrist. One is getting close to ninety; only a year or so ago she was still lecturing on bone structure to Red Cross classes—being paid for it too. My own mother at ninety-one was running her own house and did so until a month before her death. I know a religious of almost ninety, a gracious lady, who can talk with you on any subject you want to discuss. So these people are not aged to me. Yet I, with lots fewer years on my certificates, am also considered aged by the scientific boys and girls, by the professors and the politicians, all now delving busily into the problem.

The Young at Heart

I DON'T THINK it is a problem. People live longer and are healthier. There have always been old people crippled and sick, just as there are younger people crippled and sick. I suppose it is the fact that there are more old people around today that has suddenly made the problem one to consider.

This is not to say that I am minimizing the tragedy of old people who are left alone, living in one room, bored, lonely, and with little money. And there is no doubt that well-run homes—not institutions, but places that are run as a home should be—are becoming a necessity, especially for those who are truly alone and have little money. I have never been able to see the horror with which some view this sort of home, provided of course that you have your own room. And unless one is really disabled, think of the things a person could still do—sew layettes, crochet mittens for small Koreans or mufflers for small, cold refugees; if you are Catholic, think of the Hail Marys and rosaries you can say for people you know or don't know, for peace, and for the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth. And you can read—that, too, age cannot take away.

Years ago at college I listed, in a theme, the three things I thought would be enough to remake our world. One, that no child go hungry or be cold; two, that the blind should have someone to read to them; three, that old couples should not be separated in public homes, as has been the harsh custom in many cities. I still think these three would give us a working Utopia. And I still think the saddest people of all are those who are alone and old and blind. To all the Gray Ladies and to all the Ladies of Charity who give their time to these people, we owe a debt of gratitude.

But of course I am not speaking here of this group nor of the really sick and crippled and helpless. What I am trying to say is—if people are going to live longer, why can't we realize that we ought for their sakes keep them productive? And it is not fair either that younger people should be taxed heavily to pay for the care of those who would jolly well like to take care of themselves, given the opportunity.

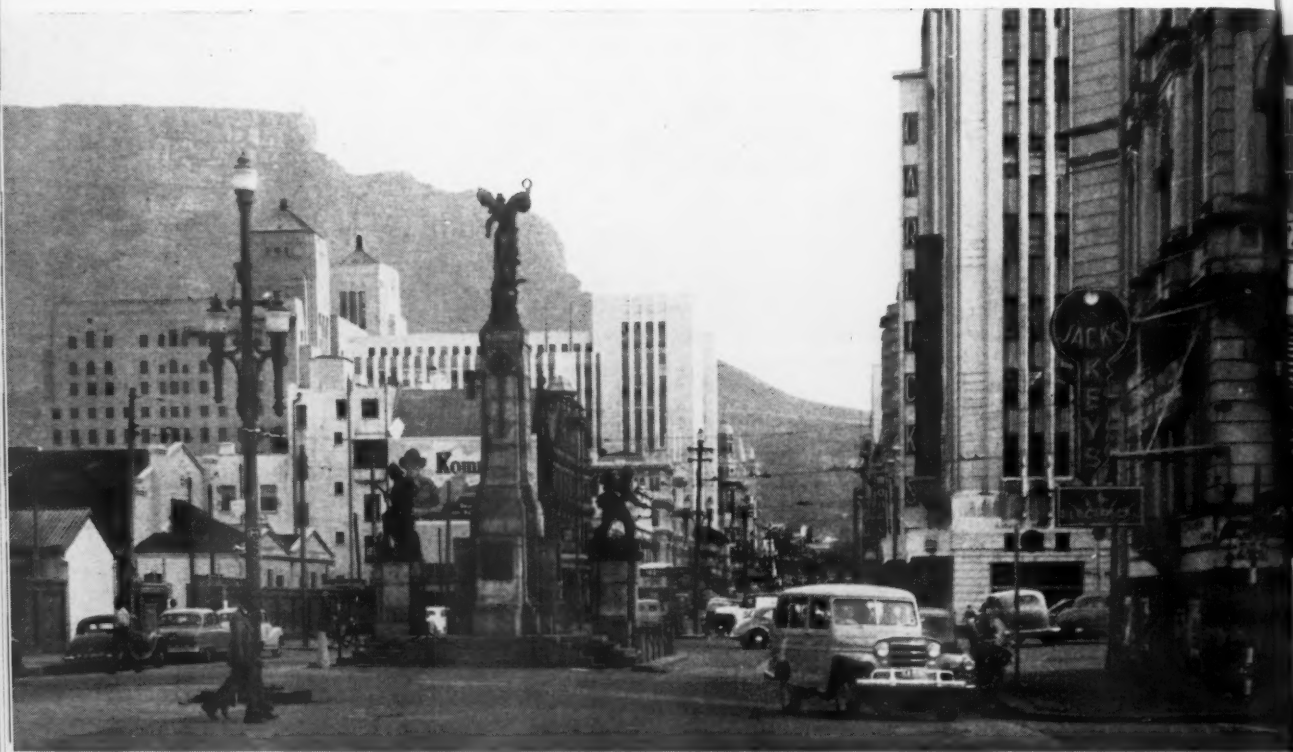
Whistler's mother, if any mother ever looked like that, is certainly a vanished American. And yet as she sits there, straight-backed, alertly looking ahead of her, I'm not sure I would want to call her aged to her face, any more than I would dare write of the aged Churchill or the aged Mrs. Roosevelt or the aged Ethel Barrymore or even the aged Eisenhower. They all come well in the list, however, and that is why I think it high time something be done before geriatrists get the upper hand of us.

MAIN STREET South Africa

It's not easy to know South Africa. But the people on Main Street, Capetown, perhaps mirror it best

and he would like more money for his work. He earns £2 a week.

When the Xosa milkman goes home at night to his Location, he tells me he passes his time by playing cards with his friends and occasionally drinks Kaffir beer when there is a party. He likes meetings and speeches but adds that there haven't been many of late. The police don't encourage gatherings of black men. Meetings often mean agitation and "trouble" could arise so easily. This fear has been abroad in



It's not easy to know South Africa. This is a big country—an area more than twice that of France, teeming with a tremendous variety of peoples—complex and full of problems. But a look at the Union's oldest city, Capetown, the gateway to the country, offers a good picture of what it's like on Main Street, South Africa.

Capetown nestles beneath that massive wall of granite with its flat table-like top, which all the world knows as Table Mountain. Seeing the city spread out beneath the mountain in the early morning, all seems peaceful and quiet. Then the stillness is broken by a black man, riding a bicycle laden with jangling milk bottles, as he comes careening down the main highway, brakes suddenly in front of a house, and selects his bottles for delivery.

by **DESMOND J. HATTON**

He is tall, clad in white overalls, his black face in direct contrast to his white uniform. I greet him. His face lights up in smiles: "Morning, my Baas!" And off he goes, singing.

I call him back and chat with him. He tells me that he is a Xosa, whose home is seven hundred miles to the east. He has come to the city to earn enough money to go home and pay the *Lobola*, the price of a bride. He lives in a "Location" (a sort of ghetto) eight miles out of the city and carries a pass which the police may ask him to produce at any time.

But despite the Pass problem, my Xosa friend is happy enough, although he believes the white *Baas* is very strict

the land ever since the race riots and the murder of a Dominican nun, Sister Aidan Quinlan, in the Eastern Province just two years ago.

THE highway is getting busier as laborers—mostly Cape Colored folk—pour into the city by train and bus. Many are stevedores and gangers hurrying down to the docks, but there are also construction workers, tradesmen, street sweepers, and garbage removers. Most of Capetown's skilled and semi-skilled workers are Cape Colored. Their skin is usually light chocolate—some have the features of the white man, others of the black, but they are a distinct people.

The Cape Colored, together with a mixture of other races, live in Capetown's overcrowded and infamous Dis-

trict Six, once a smart residential and shopping area, but now greatly deteriorated. Fear walks the streets of District Six at night, for it is then that roaming bands of "skollies"—ruthless thugs armed with broken bottles, bicycle chains, and knives—go abroad. From their headquarters in District Six's unsavory alleyways, the "skollies" rob and plunder and frequently clash with the police.

While the area's lack of opportunity and bad housing have produced the "skollie," the majority of District Six's

in their efforts to lead an upright life despite so many difficulties. In generosity and self-sacrifice, the Colored people are second to none."

Besides the church and its indefatigable pastor, the District Six parish also boasts of a tremendous community center, which Father Gill and his assistants built to serve the intellectual, spiritual, physical, and artistic needs of their parishioners.

But back to Main Street. It's now nearly nine in the morning. The labor-

ple of his race. He has his hair cut in a shop in the center of the city. The black man, whether he be teacher, doctor, or milkman, must seek out some far less attractive place in a back street, for custom and law bar his entry to the reserved emporia of the white overlord.

The South African white man does not lack all humanitarian feeling for his black brothers. He will not mix publicly with them—that would lower his prestige. But he would like to see a certain justice done to the non-whites,



Photos by C. M. J. Roentree

ABOVE—The Xosa milkman, typical of the semi-urbanized native, has come to Capetown to earn the price of a bride

RIGHT—St. Mary's Cathedral: The Church has something to give S. Africa

LEFT—Adderley Street: Capetown's main drag. On the Parade, white men's cars. In alleys, service for the blacks



Cape Colored are peaceful, law-abiding folk, pleasantly friendly and highly responsive to kindness. This is the conclusion that was forced upon me after talking to Father Thomas Gill, pastor of District Six's Catholic Church. When I called at the parish, hundreds of people were filing out of the church after a mission preached by two American Paulists, Fathers Albert Roy and Francis McGough.

Father Gill knows his people well after fifteen years in their midst. Confined to a wheel chair as a result of an injured back, Father propelled it dexterously through the crowd as he greeted his parishioners.

He was unstinting in his praise of his people: "I prefer these people to any other in God's world. They are heroic

ers are already at work under Capetown's bright, blue sky. The well-dressed white men and women who staff the city's offices are driving into the city, parking their American and English cars on the "Parade" in the center of town. Those without cars have traveled in comfortable railway carriages reserved for whites. These are the executives and white collar workers of South Africa.

ARRIVING in their offices, they will have morning tea brought them by a colored serving boy. At lunch time, they will make their way to well-appointed restaurants, from which the Black men and the Cape Colored are excluded. After work, the white man has his pick of the cinemas and houses of entertainment, which admit only peo-

though not at the price of seeing his "white civilization submerged in a black flood." In fact, he has done a great deal for the blacks and the Colored in the way of hospitals and housing, as much perhaps as can be expected.

Tom Smith is an average young South African. As I chatted with him on Main Street, I learned a good deal about him.

A friendly, easy-going fellow, he works for an oil company, and his only outside interests are sports and the girl he is going to marry. He plays rugby and badminton in winter, and cricket, tennis, and squash rackets in summer. He likes dancing, the movies, and his beer. He reads very little except the sports page and doesn't give himself a headache worrying about world problems, though he doesn't take kindly to



Typical Afrikaaner policeman: On the job, life is very interesting. At home, sports, food, and a fine climate. What more could one want?



Father Thomas Gill, District Six's Catholic pastor: By night, the skollies go abroad; By day, you can find no kindlier folk in the world

criticism of his country's ways of treating the black man.

When he marries, he takes it for granted that he will have a black servant to clean the house and cook. He and his wife will be kind, but it would be a mistake, Tom Smith feels, to treat the black or brown man as one would treat a fellow white. As he spoke, I was impressed with both his sincerity and his fixity of view.

Like other English-speaking whites, Smith disagrees with his Afrikaans-speaking white neighbors on many things, but not when it comes to the question of whether the non-whites are capable of being given equal status with the whites.

After bidding Smith good-day, I drift down to the dock area again. It is now abustle with heavy mid-morning traffic. I spot three white-helmeted Railway Police standing together keeping a watchful eye on the traffic and on all entering and leaving the harbor area.

I greet them: "Good day, gentlemen." "Goedie môre, Meneer," they reply in Afrikaans. "Good morning, sir."

The youngest of the three introduces himself. "My name is Constable van

Wyk." He is from Worcester, a town about one hundred miles inland.

The others follow suit. "I'm van der Merwe from Carnarvon."

"I'm Kotze from Van Rhynsdorp."

I ask about their work. Van der Merwe smiles broadly: "We find it all very interesting. In this job, we meet all kinds and colors of people. Most of the dockworkers and stevedores are Negroes but they give us no trouble. There's always someone coming and going and asking questions. We're not just policemen, we're general information officers. Anyway, it makes life interesting."

They are all descendants of the early Dutch settlers, all members of the Dutch Reformed Church, and from their conversation I gather they are strong supporters of the Nationalist party at present in power.

When asked about their country, they look at me in mild astonishment at the question. "Of course, it's the finest country in the world—beautiful scenery, good climate, fine working conditions, plenty of sport and good food. What more could anyone want?"

My next stop is the office of Andrew J. J. Murray, managing editor of the *Southern Cross*, South Africa's national Catholic newspaper, with whom I have a luncheon appointment.

Mr. Murray is an engaging personality with a full, red beard, an intense and pensive man and—as I soon learn—quite frank in expressing his opinions.

As we lunch, he tells me about himself and his views.

Murray was born in China, the son of a Congregationalist minister, and spent his childhood there.

Explaining how he came to make South Africa his adopted land, Murray says. "The war found me in the British Navy and my ship made several stops in South Africa. I liked the look of the country and its vitality, but there was also a young woman in the story. After corresponding with her for three years, I came here again after the war and we were married."

It was also during the war, 1940 to be exact, that Murray became a Catholic.

INEVITABLY the talk turns to South Africa's main problem, the relationships among the races.

"I happen to be completely color blind," Murray says frankly. "Hence I think that racial segregation by law is entirely unnecessary and insulting to the non-whites."

He points to England as an example of natural social selection working itself out without the pressure of laws. "The average English workingman will never choose the Ritz or the Savoy as a place to enjoy himself. He is far hap-

pier and more at ease taking his pint of beer in the local pub. I believe that folks in South Africa who can't mix with others because of economic, educational, and cultural differences don't need laws to help them find their own level in society. Furthermore, it is unjust to prevent anyone, merely because of color, from advancing in the economic life of the country. We can't long have social peace if we look upon the non-whites as the perpetual hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Murray predicted: "The race question in South Africa won't be solved in a short time. Only a long period of painful but realistic education can ever bring us to the millennia of racial harmony and brotherhood."

WITH time on my hands until the interview arranged for the late afternoon with the Archbishop of Cape town, Most Rev. Owen McCann, I make my way to Signal Hill, which rises above the winding streets in the older section of Capetown. The Malay Quarter hugs its slopes. Here, brown-skinned men in working attire and wearing the red fez go about their normal business, and heavily veiled women pass me on the streets.

South Africa has a small minority of the followers of the prophet and their mosques are dotted all over this vast land. As a group, they fall into roughly the same social, economic, educational and political categories as the Cape Coloreds. But they look upon themselves as a distinct people. They are respected as law-abiding, industrious and thrifty.

A *hadji*—Malay priest—comes down the street, stately in pink robes, sandals, and white turban encircling his face, and pauses near me. I introduce myself, but he seems very reserved. He does tell me about his trips to Mecca and his knowledge of Cairo and his awareness of the vexed *apartheid* question.

"Yes," he tells me, "we want our own customs, our traditional way of life; we do not want close intercourse with the Europeans, Coloreds, or Natives. But since most Malays can behave politely, conventionally, why should we be barred from the better cinemas, from most beaches? We shall form our own groups. Just give us entrance and accommodation."

He passes on, bowing.

And then, I meet Christine—a friend of some years—her good, old, coppery face lit up.

Christine is a convert, a good worker like all Malays, uncomplaining, one of nature's ladies.

"On your way to work, Christine?"

"Yes, to wash. It's fine and sunny and I'm well again. They were very

good to me at the hospital—they are good to all sick people, all poor people."

I ask about her husband. "And what of Antonio?"

"Not so good, he can't go fishing any more—his back hurts. But Mr. Brown, my missis' husband, he takes him in his car tomorrow to fix up the old age pension. It is not much, but with my washing money, we can manage . . ." Christine and Antonio are very active in their parish life. She is a sodalist and he is a choir member. They are not ostracized because of color from such activity. Parochial life saves them from the bitterness of *apartheid*.

As I leave Christine, I stop in the shop of Allie Hoosain, a general dealer whose grandfather had been brought from India to work in the sugar plantations of Natal. Allie is a dark-skinned man of small stature and an ardent admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, whose religion he follows. An astute businessman, Allie lives frugally but has amassed a fair amount of capital in his twenty years of shopkeeping.

THE Indians are proud of their heritage, clinging to old customs, dignified in their attitude toward the political problems of their adopted land. But life is difficult and Indians are viewed suspiciously. "The Whites resent us," says Allie Hoosain. "Africans and Coloreds do not accept us. One day I sell out and go back to the land of my fathers."

And in the shadowed recesses of the shop, I glimpse his wife, a fine-featured woman, in bright sari and embroidered veil. She looks wistfully at the dark-eyed child asleep in her arms. What does the future offer them?

It is nearly time for my interview with Archbishop McCann. I hurry back toward the Cathedral and the building which houses the archdiocesan offices.

The Archbishop was born here in Capetown and speaks English and Afrikaans fluently. Before going to Rome to study for the priesthood, he worked for the South African Railways. Consecrated in 1950, he became the first Archbishop of Capetown when the South African hierarchy was established by Pope Pius XII. A careful student of South African affairs, he knows conditions here better than most experts.

As the interview begins, the Archbishop observes that people abroad tend to oversimplify the internal affairs of the Union. "Actually, the race situation is by no means as hopeless as some think. It is difficult, but nothing to despair about. And the long-range effect of the Church's teachings is bound to help ease tensions. By inculcating in our own people a knowledge of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ,

we are putting them in a position where they will inevitably influence others and thus do much to counteract color prejudice."

In the Archbishop's view, "Africa is the continent of the next 100 years. Africa is part of the West, and although its native culture is primitive, it is rapidly being assimilated into western tradition."

Nevertheless, this energetic Catholic prelate is frank in believing that the eventual success of the Church's mission in South Africa is just as long-range a prospect as a solution of the race problem. "There is a strong Calvinistic prejudice which has yet to be overcome and a great deal of secularist indifference as well. From the material point of view, South Africa is one of the easiest countries in the world for the white man, and the worship of money and creature comforts is widespread. People are prepared to sacrifice for humanitarian causes, but there is little thought of sacrifice for God. For many, religion has become a purely personal matter which one can associate with or not, according as one's emotional needs demand. But that is a logical consequence of Protestantism. Something in the way of a shock is needed to make people turn to God."

But the Archbishop also has some encouraging statistics to relate. There are, he points out, a million Catholics in the Union, 800,000 of whom are Negroes, 120,000 white, 75,000 colored, and 5,000 Indian.

"Vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life," he asserts, "are on the increase. And in proportion to the white Catholic population, the total of 100 South African-born priests is quite good. More missionary priests are needed, and at the same time we have to continue building up a native clergy and sisterhood."

TWO obstacles to the Church's work, the Archbishop declares, are the rise of Negro nationalism under Communist influences and the recent government measure withdrawing the state subsidy from church schools for the Negro. "This blow will affect our whole approach to the job of evangelizing the Negro, since we have been working largely through our schools."

The Archbishop is quick to add, however, that "with all our difficulties, the future is promising. South Africa dominates the rest of the continent of Africa. What happens here will seriously influence the entire continent. And there isn't the slightest doubt that while Protestantism is dwindling in influence, Catholicism is making important strides forward."

At this point, the Archbishop's secre-

DESMOND J. HATTON, South African priest, writes regularly for the *Southern Cross*, South Africa's national Catholic weekly, and has published articles in many Catholic periodicals in this country and overseas.

tary interrupts the interview to tell His Excellency about other visitors and telephone callers. It is time to call our meeting to a close, so I kiss the Archbishop's ring, receive his blessing, and make my way out to Main Street.

The street is all agog now with all sorts of people hurrying grimly home from their daily work as the bells of St. Mary's Cathedral ring out the evening Angelus. A few make a hurried Sign of the Cross as they silently recite the traditional prayer or rush in to make a visit to the lonely Prisoner of the Tabernacle in South Africa's oldest city.

The Calvary scene at one side of the Cathedral stands as a reminder that Christ died for all races. Yet, on Main Street, South Africa, people are divided by barriers of law and prejudice.

But more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of, and many saintly souls are praying that an understanding of the Mystical Body of Christ will some day weld together all these folk on Main Street, producing a real union in South Africa.



Andrew J. J. Murray, editor of the *Southern Cross*: The average English workingman avoids the Ritz; so would the natives in South Africa



A native priest, Father Alfred, and friend: The Archbishop's hope for the Church in South Africa lies in development of a native clergy



Truth or Consequences

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

THE Catholic is a doomed man. Something happened to the Catholic at baptism, something he cannot revoke, escape, or deny. It was quite a simple matter: just the pouring of water and the saying of words. But by this rite the baptized person became a marked man, literally branded, so that he cannot be anything but a Christian and a Catholic. He may act as a pagan or worse, but that will not change the fact of what he is. At baptism he received the mark of Christ, the sign of possession. This man belongs to Christ. He is a Christian. He may not like being a Christian and a Catholic. He may renounce his faith and his Church. Still the fact is not changed. He bears the mark of Christ. He belongs to Christ.

The Church has a special way of showing that she, in the person of Christ, is taking final possession of something. She anoints or marks the object with oil. She will not anoint with oil things that are perishable, such as a missal or a sacred vestment, but only those things which endure. For instance, she anoints the walls of a church when she consecrates it. But she will not anoint a wooden church because it is too easily destroyed. She will give the wooden church a blessing but not the solemn anointing with oil. In order to be consecrated and anointed, the church must be made of some material which is almost indestructible, preferably stone.

In baptism each person is anointed with oil, showing that Christ places His mark upon this person, thus laying claim for time and eternity. The mark of Christ is stamped upon the soul in such a way that nothing can erase it. The soul is indestructible. So is the mark of Christ. No sin, no matter how great, no renunciation of the faith, not even hatred of God, will blot out the mark of Christ. For time and eternity it remains. In heaven it will be a sign of glory and honor for the saved. In hell it will be a sign of shame and confusion for the damned.

Everything the Church anoints with

oil is consecrated to Christ's worship of God. She anoints altars because the sacrifice of Christ, the Mass, is offered on them. She anoints chalices because in them wine becomes the Blood of Christ. She anoints patens because the Body of Christ rests upon them. She anoints church bells because they call us to take part in Christ's worship.

The anointing in baptism means that the person marked with the sign of Christ is dedicated to the worship of God. The person who bears the mark of Christ is not dedicated to just any worship, or to worship in general, but he is specifically dedicated or consecrated to take part in Christ's worship. The anointing of the person means that he has a right to all Christ's sacraments, which are forms of Christ's worship. He has a right to hear the Word of Christ, to eat the Body of Christ, to offer the sacrifice of Christ. He has a right to receive the forgiveness of Christ in the sacrament of penance and the comfort of Christ in Extreme Unction.

But this right to take part in the worship of Christ is also an obligation. The Christian must worship. He must worship under pain of being a living lie. A Christian is one who is dedicated to worship. Now if he is dedicated to worship but does not act out his dedication, does not externalize his dedication, then he is a walking, talking lie.

MY APRIL TREE

by
FRANCES STOCKWELL LOVELL

*Spring came over the far mountain
and found my apple tree!
It is so small a tree, I thought
no one would ever see
it there among the hedgerows
unless a bobolink
should make her nest beneath it when
its dress had all turned pink.
But April found my apple tree
when she came down the hill
and touched it with her wand of rain,
silver as daffodil.
And now my little tree is all
so happy-like and proud;
she laughs up at the evening sky
and thinks she's caught a cloud!*

By the anointing at baptism, by receiving the mark of Christ and the grace of Christ, the Christian becomes identified with Christ. St. Paul says that the Christian "puts on Christ." To some degree I become identified with John, I can be taken for John, by putting on John's clothes. So in baptism we become identified with Christ by putting on Christ's garment of grace, a garment that enters into the soul and clothes it from within. We become identified with Christ by receiving the anointing of Christ and the mark of Christ. The word "christ" means "one who has been anointed." Christ is the Anointed One, and we are other Christs because we too have been anointed.

CHRIST Himself has told us this. For instance He said, "I am the Light of the world." Another time He said, "You are the Light of the world." This is not a contradiction. There is only one Light of the world, Christ. If Christ calls us the Light of the world, it is because we have become identified with Him. Again, Our Lord once said, "If anyone thirst, let him come to Me and drink." Our Lord is the Source at which we can spiritually quench our thirst. But the Christian, too, because he is anointed and bears the mark and grace of Christ, because he is identified with Christ, is himself a source at which others can quench their thirst. Immediately after saying, "If anyone thirst, let him come to Me and drink," Our Lord added, "He who believes in Me . . . from within him there shall flow rivers of living water."

This is the glorious vocation to which the Catholic is doomed. He cannot escape. He is baptized, he bears the mark of Christ. Man can lie with his actions, but not with his being. The Catholic belongs to Christ, he bears His mark, he is Christ. That he cannot change, for it is his being. Sad to say, he can fail to act according to his being. He can fail to act out what he is. To fail in this is to lie. And for all eternity it is a case of truth or consequences.

The stakes are high in Indo-China; time is short. Our optimistic trouble-shooter is General Collins. He thinks we can win

LIGHTNING JOE COLLINS



His precise knowledge has earned General Collins the respect of Congressional Committees

Harris & Ewing photo

DURING a round of golf at Washington's fashionable Chevy Chase Country Club, four Army officers trudged uphill to the green on a short hole and looked over the situation. There were only three balls in sight, the fourth apparently having found trouble. Instinctively, one of the foursome headed for the woods on the right to look around. A second officer made his way to the woods behind the green, while a third examined a sand trap nearby. But General J. Lawton Collins, whose ball was missing, blandly ignored both the woods and the trap. Instead, he sauntered over to the cup to see if, perhaps, he had shot a hole-in-one.

He had not. But the incident is typical of Collins' durable optimism. As Army Chief of Staff during the darkest days of the Korean war, he was virtually the only optimistic voice emanating from the gloomy corridors of the

by JOSEPH T. NOLAN
Pentagon. After an on-the-spot survey, he predicted flatly that our troops would hold the Pusan perimeter—and he was right. When the Chinese Communists intervened and sent our troops reeling backward, he predicted that we would stabilize our lines near the 38th Parallel—and again he was right.

Now General Collins, the legendary "Lightning Joe" of World War II and winner of Notre Dame's Lactare Medal as an outstanding Catholic layman, is on a mission that, by general agreement, will take all the optimism he can muster. The silver-haired, 58-year-old Irishman is President Eisenhower's special Ambassador in Indo-China. His job is to supervise American aid to one of the free world's most vulnerable outposts and prevent another Communist conquest in strategic Southeast Asia.

In simple terms, the situation that confronts General Collins is this:

The Geneva truce agreement of last July, which ended eight years of fighting in Indo-China's sharp-cut hills and rain-swollen paddies, divided the country's most populous state of Vietnam along the 17th Parallel. In the North, the Communists hold an area of 61,000 square miles and twelve million people. In the South, the anti-Communists retain an area of 66,000 square miles and about eleven million people. National elections are scheduled for the summer of 1956, with the winner to take over the entire country. If these elections were held now, the consensus is that the Communist North, organized by tyranny, would easily outvote the South.

So the summer of 1956 is the fateful target date for General Collins. Before then he has three big problems to solve.

First, there is the military problem—



United Press photos

Collins has had a reputation of being up front with his GPs

ery. Beriberi, a disease of malnutrition, is showing up in the camps.

"There are people in our camp who actually do not have enough food to keep them alive and have no money to buy more," said one refugee priest. "But despite the hardships, not one has said he wants to return to Communist territory. Why have we come? Because the Communists closed our churches."

So much for the problems. They are more easily stated than solved, but "Lightning Joe" knows he has to work fast. That is the way he likes it and the way he won his nickname in World War II.

"Moving fast saves lives," he says. "Stopping to dig in gives the enemy a chance to dig in too."

His role is a tough one. No longer is he a Chief of Staff giving orders to subordinates. He can only recommend, persuade, and pressure—and he is doing all three. One of his first moves was to warn Premier Ngo Dinh Diem (pronounced: zee-EM) bluntly to reform his government or face the possibility of losing American backing. Then he politely told French and Vietnamese intriguers that Premier Diem, whatever his shortcomings, was America's man and that they had better get behind him if they wanted United States assistance.

Next, General Collins recommended to Washington that the 250,000-man Vietnamese army be reduced to a 100,000-man security force. Before you could say Ngo Dinh Diem, the Vietnamese government was screaming in protest. But Collins won his point with this argument: If the Communists should attack South Vietnam from outside, the United States and the other seven Manila Pact powers are pledged to take appropriate action. This pledge should serve as a deterrent to further aggression. Meanwhile, the immediate threat is infiltration from village to village by native revolutionists. Against this threat, a highly mobile force for internal security would be far more effective than a large standing army.

How does General Collins feel about the future?

"I don't want to appear overly optimistic," he said recently, "but I think Premier Diem has made genuine progress toward establishing a progressive program. If this program is fully implemented, I think there is at least a fifty-fifty chance that South Vietnam can remain free."

On specific phases of the Indo-China problem, he had this to say:

On Indo-China's Importance: "While it is not of immediate importance to the security of the United States, it

is of tremendous importance to the security of all of Southeast Asia. And since we are interested in maintaining peace throughout the Pacific area, it is important to us. Vietnam occupies a key spot in Southeast Asia, and its fall would very seriously threaten not only Laos and Cambodia but also Burma, Malaya, and India."

On the Army Training Program: "Plans have been drawn for the creation of a modern small army. It will be very much smaller than they have now, but I hope that with American and French aid it can be made into a first-class army. We will set the standards and the type of training—using the methods that have proved so successful in training troops in Korea and elsewhere. French instructors and our own instructors will carry out the actual training. This training program will be a combination effort between ourselves and the French. The French Commander-in-Chief, General Paul Ely, happens to be an old friend of mine and we have worked together wonderfully well."

On American Aid: "The program we have in mind will cost money, but I think the money will be well spent indeed. The Vietnamese themselves will contribute to their own support. Needless to say, they cannot contribute a great deal but they will make an effort. These people have always wanted to be free. They have struggled against the French and against the Japanese when they were there. They are determined to be free. I believe that given encouragement they will fight against the Communists."

On the Danger of Subversion: "The best way to beat Communist subversion is to establish a forward-looking, progressive program and that is just what Premier Diem is doing. Of course, it is important to keep the Communists from taking over the government machinery, particularly in the small communities. Mr. Diem has come up with a plan which will place elements of the Vietnamese army in each province. These men will go in first as military men, but they will take with them civilian administrators. In this way, there will be sound security forces helping the administrators all the way along."

On the Election Outcome: "It is a year and a half until the time scheduled for the elections and a lot can happen before then. For example, things are not going too well in North Vietnam economically right now. This whole business is a gamble. I happen to think

how to defend the country against a Communist assault from the north and Communist subversion from within. One of the grim quips in Indo-China in recent weeks has been that the only difficulty in drawing a line against Communist expansion is to get all the Communists on one side of the line. Communist infiltrators have made considerable headway in the South, largely because the corruption and inefficiency of past governments are still fresh in the people's memory.

GENERAL Collins' second immediate problem is political—how to promote a stable government that can move with dispatch to tackle basic issues like land reform and win genuine popular support. Traditionally, the government has been riddled with typical Oriental feuds and intrigues. The playboy Emperor, Bao Dai, spends his time frolicking on the French Riviera with his Ferrari and his Jaguar. Powerful political-religious sects, with their own private armies, have made a practice of taking the law into their own hands and operating with complete disregard of the national government.

Complicating General Collins' military and political problems is a rapidly growing economic problem—how to deal with the vast and pitiful army of refugees who have moved down from the Communist North, carrying all their worldly belongings in bulging sacks. Some 400,000 refugees, 90 per cent of them Catholics, have sought sanctuary from Communism, but so far many of them have found only hunger and mis-

it's a gamble worth taking. I'm cautiously optimistic about the outcome."

An officer who has known Collins since his days at West Point says simply, "Joe is not only a born optimist but a born fighter as well. He never backed away from a tough scrap in his life."

As the tenth in a family of eleven children, Joe Collins had no choice but to start fighting early in life. One of his older sisters recalls that at the Holy Name of Mary parochial school in New Orleans he was always ready to take on boys bigger than himself. But he also did well in his classwork. He showed an avid interest in reading, so much so that whenever he misbehaved his mother used to punish him by taking away his library card. At West Point, though he was the youngest in the 1917 class, he ranked thirty-fifth among 239 cadets.

Eager for a front-line assignment in World War I, he asked for duty with the 22nd Infantry Regiment, which he had heard was about to be shipped overseas. The rumor proved false, though, and he sat out the war in this country training recruits. After the armistice, he was assigned to Germany for occupation duty. There he met and married Gladys Easterbrook. The couple have three children—Joseph, an Army officer, Gladys May, and Nancy Katherine.

HE has little patience with officers who are careless or who fail to do their homework. One young officer made the mistake of answering a question. "Well, sir, I'm not sure but it would be my presumption that . . ." He never got any further. "When you come in here," snapped Collins, "you never presume anything. You either know or you don't; and if you don't, you'd better find out fast."

Despite his occasional brusqueness, he has always displayed an uncommon fondness for enlisted men. When he was Army Chief of Staff, the walls of his Pentagon office were decorated with penciled sketches, not of other generals, but of the lowly GI's who fought under him in World War II.

"You must look after the interests of your men—first, last, and all the time," he says with conviction. And that has always been his guiding principle.

His first assignment with the Seventh Corps, which he was to lead to notable military victories in the European theater in World War II, came in January, 1941, when he was made chief of staff with headquarters at Birmingham, Alabama. There was nothing there when he arrived with a handful of officers to set up operations. When enlisted men began arriving, there were

few facilities for transporting them. One night about eleven o'clock, Collins got a telephone call from the Salvation Army. Five men had just arrived in town and there was no one to meet them. So Collins drove down to the Salvation Army office in his own car and played chauffeur for five corporals.

During the war, Collins liked to be up front with his GI's where things were hottest. The Silver Star he won for exploits on Guadalcanal was accompanied by a citation reading: "To visit a battalion post of his division, he walked through some 800 yards of recently captured ground infested with enemy snipers. . . . His example and words of praise with which he continually encouraged the men . . . contributed materially to the success of the offensive operation."

LATER, in the European theater, Collins' see-for-yourself system gave his superiors uneasy moments. General Omar Bradley, under whom he fought, used to say, "Collins is a good man, but I'm afraid he won't be with us for long. He crowds the front too much."

As commander of the Seventh Corps, Collins landed in Normandy on D-Day and led the follow-up campaign that was climaxed with the capture of the French port of Cherbourg. His troops spearheaded the vital break-through east of St. Lo that sprung Allied forces out of the Normandy pocket. Then he drove north into Belgium and through the Nazis' vaunted Siegfried line to the Rhine. The Germans had blown up the main bridges across the river, but to Collins this was just a minor irritation.

Calling in his chief engineer, the general said:

"I think you can install a floating bridge across this river in twelve hours. What kind of prize do you want me to give you for doing it in less time than that?" The engineer thought for a moment and replied, "If you can promise a couple of cases of champagne for my men, we'll certainly do our best to win them." Collins grinned. "It's a deal," he said. "I'll get the champagne if you get me a bridge in less than twelve hours." In exactly ten hours and eleven minutes, the bridge was ready for traffic. Collins paid off gladly.

Many military men can fight a good war but they can't talk one. Collins can do both, as he has demonstrated on many occasions. President Truman, a student of history and military campaigns, had often heard General George C. Marshall describe the St. Lo break-through as one of the greatest feats of

JOSEPH T. NOLAN, former UP Washington correspondent, is now on the "Review of the Week" staff of the New York Times. His work has appeared in *Pageant*, *Catholic Digest*, *True*, and other publications.

American arms. One day the President asked General Collins to demonstrate, with charts, just how the strategy worked. The General thought he would get at least a week to prepare his exposition, but Mr. Truman wanted it immediately. So Collins went to the White House and told his story—brilliantly and in great detail. The President was impressed and remembered Collins favorably when the time came to replace General Bradley as Army Chief of Staff in August, 1949.

Collins is particularly effective as a witness before Congressional Committees. On Capitol Hill, he has a reputation for knowing his business thoroughly and being able to talk about it in layman's terms. He has developed a highly successful technique for avoiding the ambush of irrelevant questions from committee members while he is trying to make a point. "Just a minute, Senator," he will say politely. "Let me finish what I started to say and I will be happy to discuss the point you raise."

Far from being exasperated at the "Collins squelch," the honorable gentlemen seem to admire the general all the more for his firmness. One veteran Senator recently made this comment about the general and his mission:

"I don't know what our chances are of saving Indo-China. But if Collins says we have a fighting chance, I'm willing to take his word for it. And if he says he needs so much money to do the job, then I'm behind him 100 per cent."



"Look after the interests of your men—first, last, and all the time."



Wide World photo
Johnny Antonelli: The city slicker caught the country boy with his sales resistance down

The Race is On

In a fit of impulsive generosity, pennant laurels
are hereby bestowed by our sporting correspondent
on two leading varieties of American Indian.

But for prayerful Kansas Citians, there is only
the promise of pellagra from Philadelphia

by RED SMITH

HORACE STONEHAM, a city slicker of treacherous affability, caught a country boy named John Quinn with his sales resistance down one winter day in 1954 and when the victim wriggled free he left the baseball championship of the world in his captor's grasp. In that meeting Mr. Stoneham, president of the New York Giants, extracted from Mr. Quinn, general manager of the Milwaukee Braves, the contract of Johnny Antonelli, whose pitching enabled the Giants to win the pennant and World Series.

John Quinn went back to Milwaukee under the impression that he had got full value for the pitcher, but it turned out that all he had was a post-dated check. If he can cash it this summer, the Braves will have an excellent chance to bring a championship to Milwaukee.

Bobby Thomson, the outfielder-in-fielder who went to the Braves in exchange for Antonelli, broke a leg at the very start of Spring exercises and was unable to help the team last year. Milwaukee had excellent pitching but in the first half of the season lost often by one run. Getting an extra run or so is Bobby Thomson's specialty.

On the theory that Thomson will be employing his ashen mace regularly in their behalf, the Braves are hereby awarded the 1955 pennant in the National League. On the theory that the Indians must improve over their World Series form if they are to avoid arrest, the American League title is assigned to Cleveland. This is an act of impulsive generosity here and a coveted distinction for the beneficiaries, comparable to being presented at night court.

Probably out of sheer stubbornness, the teams will go ahead and play out

their 154 games each, after which they could conceivably line up in this order:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Braves
2. Giants
3. Dodgers
4. Cardinals
5. Reds
6. Phillies
7. Pirates
8. Cubs

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Indians
2. Yankees
3. White Sox
4. Tigers
5. Red Sox
6. Orioles
7. Senators
8. Athletics

When a team like the Giants, blessed with the services of the extravagantly gifted Willie Mays, conquerors of the American League champions in four straight games, are ranked no better than second, some explanation is in order. Indeed, lacking a hasty exposition, the forecaster might fairly expect to have a man come around and drop a net over him.

Well, the Giants are a good, sound team with fair hitting, an able defense, and fine reserve material. The day can't be far removed, however, when Sal Maglie will no longer be able to muffle the enemy's big hitters, and there is room for doubt that he can be replaced immediately. The Giants are a good team, but perhaps not as good as the Braves, possibly not as good as the Dodgers.

A year ago Brooklyn was deemed the strongest club in baseball. Then, all of a sudden, some players got old. Jackie Robinson will never again be the player he was five years ago, and he is an almost indispensable man. Age has got to catch up with Pee-wee Reese before long. Preacher Roe is gone. Probably Roy Campanella can regain the class he had before the mysterious hand injury which harrassed him last season and perhaps Don Newcombe can be-

come again the pitcher he was in his pre-Army days.

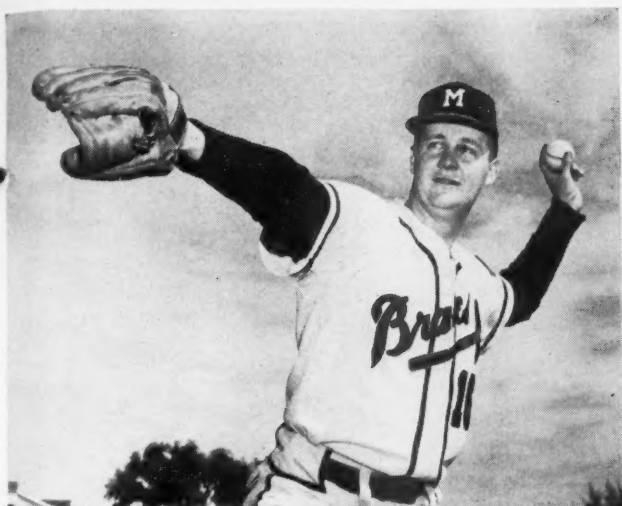
With Campanella and Newcombe at their best, the Dodgers would be enormously benefited, but there are no young Brooklyn regulars who can be expected to improve enough to counter-balance the decline of the elder statesmen.

AMONG National League contenders, one team that has youth going for it is the Braves. Not all of Milwaukee's hopes for success depend on Thomson, though he can be an important man. The muscular and dangerous Ed Mathews is only twenty-three. As a rookie out of the Sally League, Henry Aaron was a valuable addition last season; in his second big league year he should be a prize.

In 1951, twenty-year-old Chet Nichols led all National League pitchers in the earned-run averages. Then he went into the Army and when he returned last season he couldn't do much. Charley Grimm, Milwaukee's chirpy manager, concluded that he had softened up pitching to nondescript batters in service games. There is no visible reason why a young man with Nichols' arm shouldn't fortify a staff that is already generously endowed.

Professional baseball men rank Milwaukee's Del Crandall with Campanella at the top of the National League catching lists. He had a relatively poor season in 1954. He is one of many Braves still on the way up. In short, here is a team that wasn't far off the pace in 1954, and in every department improvement can be anticipated.

It became evident last season that the over-all strength of the National League is considerably greater than that of the American. Not one team in the lot is



Chet Nichols: *In the Army, soft pitching to nondescript batters. Back in Milwaukee, he should fortify a strong staff of pitchers*



Ed Lopat: *"Whenever Lopat warms up," says Casey, "old guys come down out of the stands for a job"*

utterly devoid of talent, but it seems unlikely that there is a serious challenger below the top three.

St. Louis and Cincinnati could wind up in a tie. Each has solid hitting and insubstantial pitching. Philadelphia has a couple of star pitchers and not much else. Some of the young Pirates may be ready to move Pittsburgh out of last place, partly because the Cubs are splendidly prepared to move in.

A year ago it was a capital offense to suggest that any team could excel the Yankees in the American League. A fictioneer published a novel about a Washington fan who sold his soul to the devil to encompass the overthrow of New York, and literary critics put it away as an ingenious but hopelessly implausible fantasy.

What the book reviewers considered impossible for the devil turned out to be well within the capacity of the Indians, even though the Yankees won more games than they had won in any of their five pennant years with Casey Stengel. Then Cleveland played the World Series in a manner that sent witnesses away muttering, "These ain't the Indians we fought at Little Big Horn."

Even so, Al Lopez has every reason to expect his aborigines to win their second straight pennant. The Cleveland operatives are slower than some, less flashy than the others in the field, and brawnier than most. In addition, they have three mighty pitchers and the most renowned rookie in the country.

A young man named Herb Score, winner of twenty-two and loser of five games in the American Association last season, has joined a pitching corps that already had Mike Garcia, Early Winn, and Bob Lemon.

As the Indians put meat on the

league's best pitching staff, the Yankees were losing the marrow out of theirs. Over the winter the incomparable Allie Reynolds decided he had had it. There was nobody smart enough to guess how much longer Ed Lopat could go on, although he is a soft-ball pitcher whose success has been built on guile rather than the muscles of youth.

"Whenever Lopat warms up," Casey Stengel said in the St. Petersburg, Fla., training camp last year, "old guys come down out of the stands looking for jobs. They see him and figure they can pitch for the Yankees, too."

If the Yankees do regain command, it must almost surely be because of a winter trade with Baltimore which brought them two bright young pitchers named Bob Turley and Don Larsen and a shortstop of some quality named Bill Hunter.

IT isn't really necessary to mention other teams in the American League. Chances are the White Sox, under their gallant and gracious new manager, Marty Marion, will make a challenge and then fall away, as usual. Almost surely, nobody else will be a factor.

Detroit's young team is coming along slowly. The Red Sox have nothing much. Paul Richards gambled in the winter player market trying to improve the Orioles. If he's half as lucky as he is able, he'll show some profit. Under the vocal Chuck Dressen, Washington will be noisily ineffectual.

Kansas City is a new entry in the big leagues. Residents in the prairie metropolis prayed that the Philadelphia Athletics would be moved to their city. This was a good deal like praying for pellagra, and Kansas City got it. Never underestimate the power of prayer.



K.C.'s baseball bosses: *They prayed for pellagra and soon got an answer*



Herb Score: *"These ain't the Indians that we fought at Little Big Horn"*

Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER

The Glass Slipper

Fairy tales continue to be fascinating, whether told by mother at the bedside, or MGM with the full Technicolor treatment, including Leslie Caron as Cinderella and Michael Wilding as Prince Something-or-Other. Even in Technicolor the latter is not exactly an asset, but at least it doesn't interfere with the charm and the whimsy of an age-old tale with an eternal appeal.

Miss Caron, a product of the Parisian ballet, has proved her worth and her ability to mesmerize the public in *Lili*. In this latest fantasy, she literally woos the birds out of the trees with a delightful performance as the scullery maid who enters a world of enchantment. In this version, it is her efforts, and hers alone, which carry the picture along. Miss Caron possesses a special gamin charm which can readily overcome the most conventional of scripts. For the rest, the picture is a potpourri of ballet, whimsical comedy, allegorical references which do not always come off, and (let us admit it) bad acting by Mr. Wilding, Estelle Winwood, Keenan Wynn, and Elsa Lanchester.

All liabilities to the winds, however, Miss Leslie Caron, the ever-fascinating Cinderella, MGM magic, and large gobs of charm make this the sort of movie that the average family audience will enjoy tremendously. (MGM)

Reviews in Brief

RUN FOR COVER is an offbeat, adult Western, geared to a strolling pace rather than a gallop. It brings James Cagney and John Derek into focus as itinerants mistaken for train robbers and almost lynched. The younger man is permanently crippled in the encounter, and Cagney assumes a paternal command in helping him readjust, physically and mentally. A Swedish immigrant girl contributes an accented romantic therapy, the plot follows some reminiscent trails brightened by stunning VistaVision photography and marred by an unnecessary divorce angle, and the over-all effect is interesting, though not outstanding. Cagney struts without snarling this time, and Derek creates a credible portrait of a young man with a double-pronged problem. Miss Lindfors is an innovation for the course, but only superficial demands are made on her ability in this combination of psychology and gunplay. (Paramount)



Michael Wilding and Leslie Caron in "The Glass Slipper"

Danny Kaye's well-publicized trip abroad for the United Nations is the subject of an absorbing, and novel, short subject built around the UNICEF program to aid underprivileged children throughout the world. The success or failure of the UN and its allied programs is not under discussion here, but the Kaye film provides an opportunity to view once again the terrible tragedy resulting from poverty, disease, and ignorance. This striking short subject underscores once again the importance of our obligation to the world's children. It is being distributed by Paramount Pictures in co-operation with UNICEF.

Betty Grable is back in prancing form as star of **THREE FOR THE SHOW**, a tinted musical reminiscent of countless other one-two-three kick productions. This time she has the substantial co-operation of Marge and Gower Champion, who give the terpsichore a professional air and add an ingratiating touch to the sloppy story line. The plot seems to have been written on a napkin during a dull luncheon, and Miss Betty does precious little to make it more palatable. Its moral debility, added to the vitamin deficiency of the plot, gives scant nutritional value to the audience. Even Technicolor cannot camouflage the pallor. (Columbia)

John Steinbeck's voluminous **EAST OF EDEN** has been compressed into a two-hour movie, a session which rarely rises above its self-created atmosphere of bitterness and warped emotions. A peaceful California town on the eve of the 1917 holocaust is the setting, and the Trask brothers, twins just reaching maturity, are the principal figures. They have been brought up to believe their mother dead, but as the picture opens one son discovers that she is proprietor

of an iniquitous business in a nearby community. He conceals the fact from his father and brother, but its knowledge sets his already disturbed personality aflame. For the most part this is a sordid and unattractive study, but director Elia Kazan, young James Dean as the wild twin, and Jo Van Fleet, as the mother, create several striking scenes. However, the absence of any moral indignation, any acute appreciation of evil, and the unnecessary frankness with which the theme is treated mark this out of bounds. (Warner Bros.)

DAY OF TRIUMPH is a handsomely produced, reverent depiction of Our Lord's last two years on earth. Developed by the Rev. James Friedrich, an Episcopalian minister who has made many successful movies for church and school distribution, this production is intended for commercial presentation throughout the world. Based on the King James version of the Bible, the screenplay is partly fictional and while the treatment is always reverential, there is a variance with Scriptural fact in several instances. For example, it seems to shy away from a forthright declaration of Divinity, though never denying it. Production-wise it is visually appealing and technically fine. It is in the interpretation that this must be measured as less than a complete triumph. (Schaefer-Century)

The seven ears and three eyes of the Cinerama cameras are busy indeed in **CINERAMA HOLIDAY**, a lush and beautiful sequel to the memorable *This is Cinerama*. For those who missed the first production it will be fascinating. On the other hand, to moviegoers who thrilled at the excitements of a roller-coaster ride, a plane trip over the Western wonderlands, and a sail on the liquid streets of Venice, this may be in the nature of an anticlimax. *Cinerama Holiday* wastes much of its potential in taking the audience through such prosaic spots as San Francisco's Chinatown, a New Orleans night club, Las Vegas gyp joints, and an outdoor ice show in Switzerland. It lives up to its finest capabilities in a bobsled run, a visit to the Louvre, a day at a New Hampshire fair, a Swiss ski center, High Mass at Notre

Dame, and the climactic landing of a Navy jet on an aircraft carrier. The assets do outweigh the lagging moments in this second Cinerama project, just as the tremendous possibilities of its unique production methods overshadow the technical difficulties it still faces. (Cinerama-deRoche-mont)

MANY RIVERS TO CROSS strives valiantly to emulate its predecessor, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. Though not a musical, it does use the frontier saga as basis for a sly and adroit comedy treatment. That it rarely succeeds is due to a heavy hand in direction and production rather than the basic lack of humor in the story. Robert Taylor and Eleanor Parker manage to make their roles somewhat convincing. One of the odds is an especially weak script, sabotaged further by a suggestive sequence. Victor McLaglen stands out in the supporting cast that is uniformly good. (M-G-M)

The Western formula has been transported o'er the seas to Ireland in **CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT**, an exercise in derring-do which was filmed on the actual sites of its robust action. The time is 1815 when the hand of English rule lay heavy on the Irish and the young men of the land worked, lived, and died for freedom. These were the days of the giants, men like the fabulous Captain Thunderbolt whose fictional exploits fit neatly into the adventure-movie pattern. The background shots are beautiful, and the new setting gives added luster to a routine plot. Rock Hudson makes a dashing hero, and Barbara Rush is a conventionally lovely heroine, but the best acting is contributed by Jeff Morrow and Kathleen Ryan in this adult yarn which is to be judged more in the light of modern adventure-movie standards than as a factual account of what happened then. (Universal-International)

The New Plays

PLAIN AND FANCY is a musical excursion into the land of the Pennsylvania Amish, a people of rigid standards and often bleak outlook. As we know, they are dedicated to certain simple rules of life and look with jaundiced eye on any variations. This comedy-with-music is naturally concerned with the detours in Amish life, the effects of an incursion by a pair of New York sophisticates, and a twentieth-century attitude in an eighteenth-century atmosphere. Musically the show is of middling value, borrowing much of its technique from such hits as *Oklahoma*, *Brigadoon*, and even *South Pacific*. It slips briefly from the moral heights in a ridiculously cheap carnival dance and a rather silly bedroom routine. Otherwise, it isn't a bad show. Not good in the sense that *Oklahoma* or *Brigadoon* were outstanding, but sufficiently amusing to make you forget that the score is routine and the cast more so.

Those who have read the book and the *Reader's Digest* condensation will find no surprises in the footlight version of **THE DESPERATE HOURS**. However, they will probably be the first to admit that Joseph Hayes' unique study of desperation and terror is ideally suited to the theater. It is a tingling and enthralling drama, with unusual psychological overtones, primed to hold audiences on the proverbial edges of their expensive chairs. The appeal is mainly for those who like their entertainment chilled, with extra icing added by superbly vigorous portrayals from Karl Malden, Nancy Coleman, George Mathews, Paul Newman, and Patricia Peardon, among a splendid cast. The story of a thug-trio which invades a typical suburban home and rules the family at gunpoint for days has been crisply adapted for the stage by Robert Montgomery. With the exception of some tart phraseology, it offers an exhilarating evening in the theater.



★ The Trollers, from Switzerland, and the Marshes, a Kansas City couple, visit New York in "Cinerama Holiday"



★ Liam Redmond hears Pat Breslin's plea while Dennis Patrick listens in "The Wayward Saint"

Paul Vincent Carroll takes impish delight in caricaturing a bit of religion and a good deal of Gaelic idiosyncrasy in **THE WAYWARD SAINT**, a whimsical comedy that is often less whimsical and always less humorous than it should be.

Carroll's opus will be memorable and is presently most attractive because Liam Redmond, an Abbey reliable, is starred as a canon with a saint complex about him. Mind you, there probably isn't a one like him in all thirty-two counties, but Carroll makes him appear not only alive, but appealing. Winning renown as a miracle-worker, he is relegated by his Bishop to a new church in the hopes that the local folk will forget all about him. If they do, the Devil himself doesn't, appearing as a suave wayfarer Baron who soon has the simple canon stopping clocks, lighting lamps with a wave of his hand, and bringing on thunderclaps.

It takes the poor canon much longer than the audience to discover what is up, but that doesn't matter much, for Carroll has a way of writing a line that makes you content to wait for him. Without the stalwart presence of Liam Redmond, this wouldn't be worth the worry. In a role that might easily have degenerated into a Barry Fitzgerald rut, he makes fireworks and sparkle all the way. On the other hand, Paul Lukas, who hasn't given a lucid portrayal in years, practically sabotages the show as a fumbling, stumbling agent of Lucifer. The remainder of cast is equally inept.

Playwright Carroll offers some stimulating ideas, a few entertaining moments, and an energetic grapple with the powers of evil. He, and his play, might be more effective were he less intent on substituting caricature for humor and caperings for genuine comedy.

The Blackfriars Guild has reached a new, encouraging high mark with the presentation of **BAMBOO CROSS**, a play of considerable perception and enormous contemporary appeal. Written by Theophane Lee, it moves the spirit and animates the mind as the audience follows a young Chinese Christian through a Red indoctrination to a climax that is more reassuring than surprising. Dennis Gurney, who has directed so many Blackfriars productions with distinction, surpasses himself in this dramatization of an episode in the experiences

of the Maryknoll Sisters, and he has elicited performances of special merit from John Lee, Tanya Chin, Jenne Griffin, Jean McHenry, Myriame Kolon, Ching-Ming Chin, and Juan Velasquez. It is melodrama with a high purpose and very marked achievement.

For the record it should be stated that June Lockhart is one of the theater's most accomplished young stars, an actress of considerable charm and enough ability to make **THE GRAND PRIZE** seem far more professional than it actually was. Its Broadway tenure was brief, but Miss Lockhart's performance was both charming and memorable.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Peter Pan; Bamboo Curtain*

FOR ADULTS: *Teahouse of the August Moon; Witness for the Prosecution; The Southwest Corner; Anastasia; The Saint of Bleeker Street; The Flowering Peach; The Desperate Hours; The Wayward Saint; Dark is Light Enough; The Boy Friend*

PARTLY (On Tour) *The King and I; Caine*
OBJECTIONABLE: *Mutiny Court Martial*

Anniversary Waltz; The Bad Seed; Kismet; Plain and Fancy; Wedding Breakfast; Seven-Year Itch

(On Tour) *The Rainmaker; Mrs. Patterson; Oh Men, Oh Women; The Fifth Season; South Pacific; The Tender Trap; Porgy and Bess*

COMPLETELY *Tea and Sympathy, Can-Can; Pa-*
OBJECTIONABLE: *jama Game; Fanny; House of Flow-*
ers; Quadrille; Lunatics and Lovers

(On Tour) *Dear Charles; The Moon Is Blue; PJama Tops*



★ Rock Hudson and Barbara Rush in "Captain Lightfoot," adventure film made in Ireland

BOOKS

GREAT HOUSE

By Kate Thompson.
Houghton Mifflin.

280 pages.
\$3.00

South Africa is a land virtually unknown to Americans. Perhaps for this reason primarily, *Great House* is of interest; yet the novel has much more than local color. Written by a young woman who has spent her life exploring and enjoying her native land, this story, despite a somewhat belabored beginning, makes for attentive reading.

On the Western Cape stands the baronial estate of the Derain family. From here where *Great House* stands, having been built eight generations before, they have spread over all the peninsula. The present inhabitants of the family mansion are Nicholas Derain, a middle-aged judge, his spirited wife, Reniera, and their three children: Beau, an eighteen-year-old problem child; Susan, a bold beauty; and Reinet, a composed young lady. What happens to these children takes up the great part of the narrative. Affecting them are such other members of the family as Lady Derain, Violet, Cornelius, and Richard.

Though there is no difficulty whatsoever in keeping track of so many Derains, by presenting them, their problems, their friends—and what have you, the reader tends to forget the appeal of the main characters; but such has always been a weakness of the family chronicle type of fiction. All things considered, however, *Great House* demonstrates that its author has succeeded with what she has attempted. This novel will mean to its readers exactly what she intended it to mean: a good story, well told.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE

By John P. Marquand.
Little, Brown.

511 pages.
\$3.95

A long and leisurely chronicle novel of the rise of an American businessman to tycoon proportions told in the suavely satirical manner that is the Marquand stamp. Beside the shrewdly delineated biographical



J. P. Marquand

portrait of Willis Wayde, there is the interposition of the theme that inherited wealth, when it derives from industry, establishes a system of loyalties and responsibilities that the earned wealth of big business does not share.

Mr. Marquand's Wayde is somewhat of a cultural advancement on Mr. Lewis' Babbitt of a generation ago, but not greatly so, despite greater educational opportunities that seemingly should offset some of the more blatant crudities upon which the author insists. At times, indeed, the sharp Marquand satire descends into burlesque. It would appear that the once loudly touted fifteen-minutes-a-day reading in Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Book Shelf had long since passed the saturation point of satirization. But Mr. Marquand harps upon it in his characterization of Willis Wayde, although he makes him a graduate of both Boston University and the Harvard School of Business Administration. It seems a little far-fetched, as alumni of both schools will no doubt loudly protest.

But if Mr. Marquand is not as happily at home in big business as he is in law and banking with their greater reverences for the elder amenities, he cannot fail, of his professional writing skill, to tell a good story.

Many of the subordinate characters, especially when they are in the wealthy, old-family bracket, are superbly drawn. The middle-class figures tend more to caricature. Readable as it is, the novel because of its unevenness does not quite stand up to the other memorable portraits in the Marquand literary gallery.

DORAN HURLEY.

ABBE PIERRE AND THE RAG-PICKERS OF EMMAUS

By Boris Simon.
Kenedy.

250 pages.
\$3.75

Here is one of those rare books which contrive to be both heart-rending and heart-lifting. Today all the world knows, at least vaguely, how the burning compassion of one Parisian priest woke up his compatriots to the tragic scandal of the French housing shortage. But until early last year few had heard the amazing story of Abbé Pierre and his Companions of Emmaus, who, starting with one dilapidated mansion re-

stored as a hospice for youth groups, built up a whole community of tents and shacks under patronage of Our Lady of the Homeless. In the bitter February of 1954 this intrepid apostle called upon the French Minister of Reconstruction to attend the funeral of a baby found frozen to death in an abandoned bus. The Cabinet member came—bringing with him, as he later declared, "the repentance of France." And after the priest had himself gone out as a public mendicant and voiced an impassioned appeal on the radio, his countrymen replied with a magnificent surge of generosity and reform.

The thrilling record is told mainly by dramatic sketches of the human beings involved: young wives and husbands trying desperately to find shelter for their children, an ex-tramp, an ex-boxer, an ex-legionnaire—a young seminarian, and the author himself, all joining the devoted band of builders and ragpickers to support the ever-growing Emergency City. There are unforgettable photos, and only one omission due to humility. For we all want to know more just about the dynamic and saintly priest who insists upon giving the poor not only the means to live but a reason to live and urges upon his companions the "responsibility of love" to co-operate with God in His world.

KATHERINE BREGY.

JOHN CARROLL OF BALTIMORE

By Annabelle M. Melville. 338 pages.
Scribner. \$4.50

Annabelle Melville here presents a fairly compact, conscientiously written, and painstakingly researched biography of the founder of the American Catholic hierarchy. She succeeds admirably in dovetailing the career of the first Bishop of Baltimore with the broader aspects of the foundation of the American republic, thus creating a unified picture of the place of the Church in early United States history.

John Carroll came from a distinguished Maryland colonial family with



A. M. Melville



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numerous branches in that region. Indeed, so numerous do they appear to have been that one wishes the author had seen fit to include a genealogical chart to clarify the confusing relationships among the many Carrolls. The future Bishop received his higher education at the seminary of St. Omer in French Flanders, from which he entered the Society of Jesus. Following the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773, he returned to Maryland the next year.

From the time Father Carroll returned to America until his death in 1815, he played a most prominent role in the development of both his Church and his country. His work served as the best possible refutation of those numerous Americans who held that no Catholic could be a really loyal citizen of the United States. Serving at a time when the utmost hostility prevailed among Americans toward Catholicism, Bishop Carroll did perhaps more than any other single individual to bring about a degree of toleration in this country for his religion.

Professor Melville does not quite make clear her subject's individual qualities as a man, particularly during his early life. This may, however, be due to a lack of primary sources for these years. With this qualification her book is the most suitable life of John Carroll now available to the general reader.

H. L. ROFINOT.

GIFT FROM THE SEA

By Anne M. Lindbergh. 128 pages.
Pantheon. **\$2.75**

The public has not had a book from Mrs. Lindbergh in eleven years. In that time she has come a long flight, from the clouds to the kitchen, the nursery, the schooling of her children, and the marriage of one of them. But the Smith College poet who is Anne Morrow has not died in her during these years. Recently she pulled up stakes and went off on a vacation to the seashore, all by herself, just to think things over. *Gift from the Sea* is the result.

"An answer to the conflicts in our lives"—the subtitle given on the jacket but not on the title page—claims quite a bit for 128 pages. The author is tired of the fuss in her life and wants to get back to essentials. But she never quite gets around to God. "I want to give and take from my children and husband, to share with friends and community, to carry out my obligations to man and to the world, as a woman, as an artist, as a citizen. . . . But I want first of all . . . to be at peace with



A. M. Lindbergh

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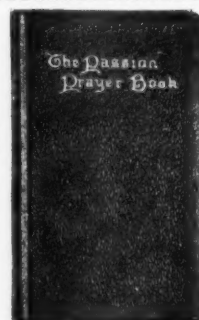
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myself . . . I want, in fact—to borrow from the language of the saints—to live "in grace" as much of the time as possible. I am not using this term in a strictly theological sense. By grace I mean an inner harmony, essentially spiritual, which can be translated into outward harmony. I am seeking perhaps what Socrates asked for . . . 'May the outward and inward man be at one.' " Mrs. Lindbergh's heart would, it seems, find a quicker way out if she were to hitch her wagon to St. Augustine's star rather than that of Socrates.

JOHN L. MADDEN.

THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT

By Jim Bishop.
Harper.

308 pages.
\$3.75

So much has been written of the saga of Lincoln that this reviewer approached *The Day Lincoln Was Shot* with a polite skepticism, almost akin to an I-must-be-shown attitude. Some hours later, when he closed the book, he was completely convinced of the fact that here was a new and fascinating document to add to the best of our Lincoln literary heritage.



Jim Bishop

Beginning at 7 A.M., April 14, 1865, and ending exactly twenty-four hours later, this story carries the reader along, hour by hour, through the President's work-a-day Washington whirl, then to the Ford Theater, and finally closes at 7 A.M. on April 15th with the President's death.

Although the reader is fully aware of the tragic assassination that is bound to occur toward the end of the book, he is amazed that the author is able to build up a growing sense of the impending tragedy. One knows the final answers; yet he is intrigued by the build-up of event upon dramatic event. Here, too, is found excellent social history packed into vivid background action. Intimate White House scenes, back-stage maneuvering of Cabinet members, Lincoln's death, Stanton's eight hours of actual dictatorship—these and scores of other graphically portrayed scenes add a touch of immediacy to the work.

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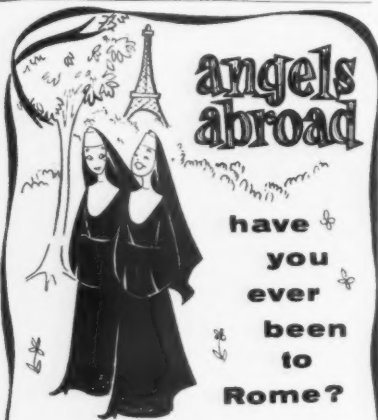
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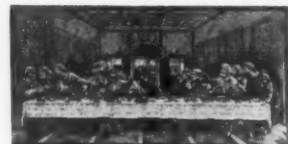
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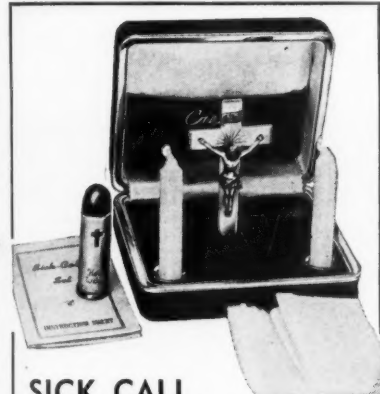
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The author, a German doctor, a Communist and official in the Red East German Health Ministry, was arrested and convicted in 1950 on phony charges of espionage and then shipped off to the Soviet Arctic.

At Vorkuta he found a prison city of 250,000 persons ruled by the Russian MVD, the terror organization once headed by Beria. No prison, of course, is a model community, but even by subcellar standards Vorkuta was a sink of venality. Persons of many nationalities, men and women alike, were enslaved there under conditions that Dr. Scholmer, who has only a slight flair for the dramatic, describes with tingling realism.

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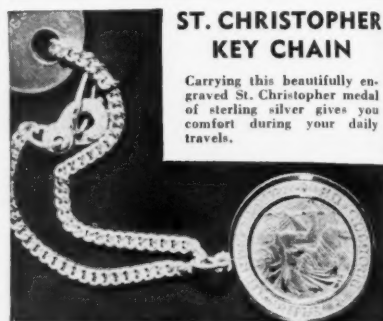
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rarely seen daughter and practically invisible husband, who has fixed her affections on a tall, black scarecrow wreck of a great beauty. Paloma had been in the chorus line during the days of ostrich plumes and wasp waists. If you enjoy novels about Edwardian demimondaines in reminiscent mood, Mrs. Henry's rather inexplicable paean to that way of life should please.

As time and the tale progress, Paloma is carried back to old Burgundy where the peasantry and vineyards are so gay. There, because she has a love and understanding of the French countryside, a certain vitality is attained.

She admires her successful gold-digger inordinately, and as successful gold-diggers go, Paloma has a definite style about her. Perhaps it is the props—swan neck, hansom cabs, feather boas. Throughout, the book is preoccupied with fashions and recipés. It is condescending about conventional piety and casual about "conventional" morality. The high-point of its rhinestone glamour is touched right at the beginning with the dedication: "very affectionately for YAKY, the Begum Aga Khan." May she enjoy it in health!

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PERSONALITY AND MENTAL HEALTH

By James E. Royce, S. J. 352 pages. Bruce. \$3.50

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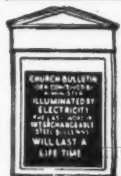


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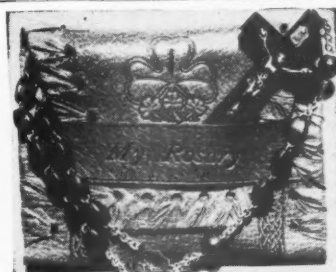
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(p. 146 ff) is somewhat confusing. Furthermore, his habit of giving a definition and then elaborating on each word in the definition gives at best an artificial coherence to the material and is at the very least rather annoying.

The author's discussion of normal vs. average (p. 50 ff) is especially good as are his discussions of conscience vs. superego (p. 189 ff.) and moral responsibility in mental abnormality (p. 226 ff.) On the other hand, Chapter XII on Psychopathology leaves out, with the exception of sociopathic personality disturbances, the interesting and important group of personality trait disturbances. For this classification of mental mechanisms in Chapter X, the author has evolved several new ones which hardly seem necessary.

The object of this book is extremely worthy; the plan is well thought out. Unfortunately the presentation is not of the same quality.

ROBERT P. ODENWALD,

BONJOUR TRISTESSE

By Francoise Sagan.
Dutton.

128 pages.
\$2.50

Cécile, seventeen-year-old narrator of *Bonjour Tristesse* (winner of the Prix Des Critiques last year) begins her story: "A strange melancholy pervades me to which I hesitate to give the grave and beautiful name of sorrow." She ends it: "Something rises in me that I call to by name, with closed eyes. *Bonjour, tristesse!*"



F. Sagan

Between these phrases she tells the story of her life of unchecked pleasure with her irresponsible, widowed father, whose latest mistress lives with them in their villa on the Mediterranean. When Ann Larsen, a beautiful, forceful, conscientious friend of her mother's falls in love with her father, Cécile sees a danger to this carefree existence. Nothing, she decides, not even her father's love for Ann which develops swiftly, must interfere with "the freedom to think for myself . . . to choose my own life, to choose myself."

Plotting to get rid of Ann, Cécile piques her father into an act of adultery with his former mistress, only too willing to comply. The result is a tragedy and evokes the speculation about sorrow mentioned above. One finds it hard to believe, however, that sorrow is anything to Cécile but another delightful emotion, by which she hopes to elicit sympathy for an essentially unkind act.

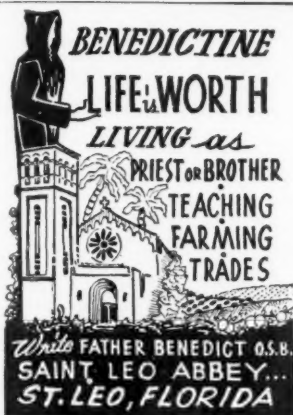
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ADELAIDE GARVIN.

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By Bruce Catton.
Doubleday.

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author's assumption that priests are just like other men; they speak the same slang, have the same squabbles, rush around in cars, have the same commonplace thought. This is real, but it is in the way they differ from other men that makes them real in a higher sense, and it is this part of the characterization the author omits.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE

SHORT NOTICES

TENDERS OF THE FLOCK. By Leo Trese. 190 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.50. In *Tenders of the Flock*, Father Trese applies age-old ascetic truths to the modern priest. His power of evoking fresh realization of well-known principles saves his work from being just another book on the priesthood. For he enters the same ground as more complete and standard treatises. In fact, he says little that he himself has not already said in *A Man Approved*. His conferences cover much the same matter—the Mass, meditation, the breviary, priestly virtues, and priestly devotions. What prompted him to repeat himself so soon? Anyway, repeated or not, his insights and practical suggestions give a warmer appreciation of sacerdotal ideals.

Laymen who enjoyed *Vessel of Clay* will not find the same general interest here. This is a book by a priest for priests and comes under the classification of spiritual reading.

THE GOLDEN STRING. By Bede Griffiths, O.S.B. 168 pages. Kenedy. \$3.50. Once again contemporary Catholic literature returns to the monastic ideal. For Dom Bede's pilgrimage has been that of a scholarly young Englishman with an intense love of natural beauty and an equal antipathy to modern materialism and mechanization, working his way first toward communal living with a few transcendental friends, then—chiefly through studying the Bible, Dante, and Newman—to the tremendous discovery of the Catholic Church. His almost simultaneous discovery of Benedictine monasticism harmonized individual ascetic ideas in a union of work and prayer, with self-will merged in the will of God. "The Church herself is the great sacramental mystery," he declares; and in her mystical love of all creatures and integration of all truth he finds a revelation he is eager to share with our distraught modern world.

CONFUSION TWICE CONFOUNDED.

By Joseph H. Brady. 192 pages. Seton Hall Press. \$3.00. It is impossible to overrate the importance of this book to citizens who are intelligently interested

in preserving the Constitution. Presumably such citizens would prefer the Constitution given us by our founding forebears to some substitute sneaked over by jurists who either know nothing of Constitutional history or care nothing about the Constitutional limits assigned them by Supreme Court Justices. Monsignor Brady, a Doctor both of Theology and of Philosophy in History, considers the much parroted "wall of separation" interpretation of the First Amendment. This interpretation is revered by such organizations as the bigoted "Protestants and Others," the secularistic "American Civil Liberties Union," and by certain Supreme Court Justices who invented it within the past ten years, specifically in the Everson Bus Case and the McCollum Decision. Monsignor Brady shows the interpretation to be at variance with the history of the Amendment and with the consistent understanding of it by all reputable authorities up to 1947. In other words, a new and different Constitution has been imposed on the American public by their Supreme jurists. Invading the province of the legislator, the jurist has presumed to amend the Constitution by the unconstitutional method of asserting that it means what it does not say and what no authority for 150 years ever suspected it of saying. This is Author Brady's claim. More, he makes the claim stick. The interest of the message and the value of the book to the American reader can safely be left to his own judgment.

MAN TAKES A DRINK. By John C. Ford, S.J. 120 pages. Kenedy, \$2.50. The jacket of this volume versifies with great aptness and a dash of humor what the book is about: At the punch-bowl's brink—let the thirsty think—what is said in Japan: "First the man takes a drink—then the drink takes a drink—then the drink takes the man." The problem Father Ford considers is the problem of using beverage-alcohol in accordance with reason and with spiritual idealism. Special attention and space are given to that critical phase of drinking which goes by the name of alcoholism. In a volume which economizes on size, Father Ford manages to present one of the most rounded discussions of drink and its attendant pathologies—physical, psychological, and moral—that the reader will encounter. His diagnosis of alcoholism is that it is not all sickness nor all vice. Usually it is something of both.

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NEW DIRECTIONS OF LABOR

(Continued from page 39)

only one quarter reactionary. Caroline then joined the other buzz session reporters to make notes on the answers to the various questions.

Among other topics discussed by the conference were: Morality of Work and Wages, Collective Bargaining, and the Geography of Hunger. But perhaps the most important thing about it was that it was a working conference. Arranged by Brendon Sexton, U.A.W. director of education, and his associates, it was composed carefully to enable the delegates to understand important questions before the world today.

These different labor conferences each stated in its own way that the world is in a new era. For the first time in recorded history man has the technical knowledge to wipe out the world's poverty and hunger. Mankind has also for the first time the means of destroying civilization as we know it.

We are deciding now which of these two routes we will take. And it is important in this time of decision that we see clearly the distinctions between materialistic panaceas and Christian teachings on peace and social justice.

Thoughtful discussion by labor, management, and the public can help to steer the world on a course between materialistic doctrines of both the extreme left and the extreme right. Every attempt at understanding, every shift away from hate and fear is of importance, for on those war or peace may depend.

The leaders of labor play a specially important role in this time, as was made clear by Pope Pius XII in the thirties when he was Cardinal Pacelli, Vatican Secretary of State: "In the complexity of the modern world, the working classes take on a growing importance, an importance which it would be stupid and unjust to underestimate. The extent to which the representatives of labor are penetrated with the principles of the Gospel will decide in large measure the extent to which the society of tomorrow will be Christian."

An echo of the present Pontiff's thoughts may be seen in Brendon Sexton's words which preceded the three prayers made by members of different faiths before the closing speech of the U.A.W. educational conference.

Said Sexton:

"For many of our members faith in the Christian religion or in Judaism underlies the spirit of brotherhood and respect for others which has caused them to work for the good of all in the activities of the union. The union serves as a vehicle, as a way of expression for one's love of his fellow man."

Of such are labor's new directions.

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